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POEMS

OF THE

MOHAWK VALLEY,

AND ON

Scenes in Palestine,

TOGETHER WITH AN

ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF POETRY,

WITH MISCELLANEOUS

Poems and Sketches,

BY PHINEAS CAMP.

II

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P R E F A C E.

Not unadvised, the author commits the following pages of his miscellany to the perusal of the public, seeking their moral benefit, while he endeavors to please and interest by his verse. Disabled in his later years from steadily pursuing the interesting duties of his favorite profession, he has sought, in this way, to profit such as he could not otherwise reach. The press may be made the engine of great and unspeakable good ; and highly favored are those that can so employ it as to attract and chain the public mind to topics calculated to reform, elevate and save their fellow-men from all that debases and destroys. Too generally is it used as an organ of great and extensive evil. In the present publication, he aims at usefulness rather than fame, which latter he is not so vain as to anticipate. This meed attaches only to the nobility of the poet race. There are few great poets, and not many deservedly popular. The number of the useful ones is not small, however. He covets something more excellent than empty applause—to be a benefactor to his race: to be a means of arresting or turning from erroneous courses, to that which insures measurable peace here, and immeasurable happiness in the world to come. He is aware that his work, artistically considered, is vulnerable to criticism. And all wholesome, generous criticism he would invite. Some pieces, if not original in matter, are thought to be hopefully so in manner, and embrace topics, many of them novel and untried before. Those descriptive of Indian character and customs, are taken from persons and scenes familiarized to him, mostly by a residence of nearly two years in the Oneida Reser-

vation. Many traits of those fast dwindling tribes are noble, generous and heroic, and deserve to be recorded and preserved; while those that are cruel and barbarous are the result more of training and traditional custom than of inherent ferocity. While we shudder at their savage acts, we will not forbear to herald and celebrate their noble deeds. We have not among *us*, in modern times, many as disinterested and generous as Logan; brave and warlike as Brant and Tecumseh; eloquent as Red Jacket; good and eloquent as Skenando—self-sacrificing and heroic as Pocahontas and the matron of Oneida.

The valorous deeds of our patriot forefathers, in their struggles for independence, against Savage, British and Tory barbarity, the author has endeavored to set forth and embellish in his poems: yet concluded, so as to discourage the rage and furor of war. Into his grave and serious sketches, odes and hymns, and Scriptural paraphrases, he has endeavored to infuse a religious element largely; and to tincture *all*, slightly at least, with the salt and spice of Canaan. The few pieces of a lively and playful character, mainly products of youth, or that treat of scenes of early life, are inserted for variety's sake, to enliven the whole; and to lure, innocently, the unserious reader to peruse the more solemn and admonitory portions found in the latter part of the work. He trusts that the reader will find entertainment of a solemn and salutary kind, in the perusal of *those* portions, which as to subjects, he deems original and descriptive of matter, men and scenes in a country interesting to us above all others—a place solemnized by the advent, the birth, the partial glorification, the death, and the ascension of the Son of God.

To the survivors and descendants of the Heroes of the Mohawk Valley, this work is dedicated by the Author.

P. C.

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ERRATA.

On page 35, for "Poetic Epistle to a *Brother*," read Poetic Epistle to a *Brother-in-Law*.

On page 41, 6th line from top, for "when," read *where*.

On page 62, 2d line from top, read, *white men bring*.

On page 69, 2d line from bottom, for "tell my brothers," read, *tell me, brothers*.

On page 107, 18th line from bottom, after "one," insert *leading*.

On page 108, 4th line from bottom, for "in," read *into*.

On page 109, 1st line, after "Mohawk," for "Wooded thickly down to its very brink," read, *Valley, wooded to the river's brink*.

On page 111, 13th line from bottom, for "fructifverous," read *fructiverous*.

On page 115, 13th line from bottom, "for "captives," read *captive*.

On page 130, 8th line from bottom, for "antithesises," read *antitheses*. On page 131, 10th line from top, the same error occurs.

On page 134, 8th line from bottom, for "sentences," read *sententious*.

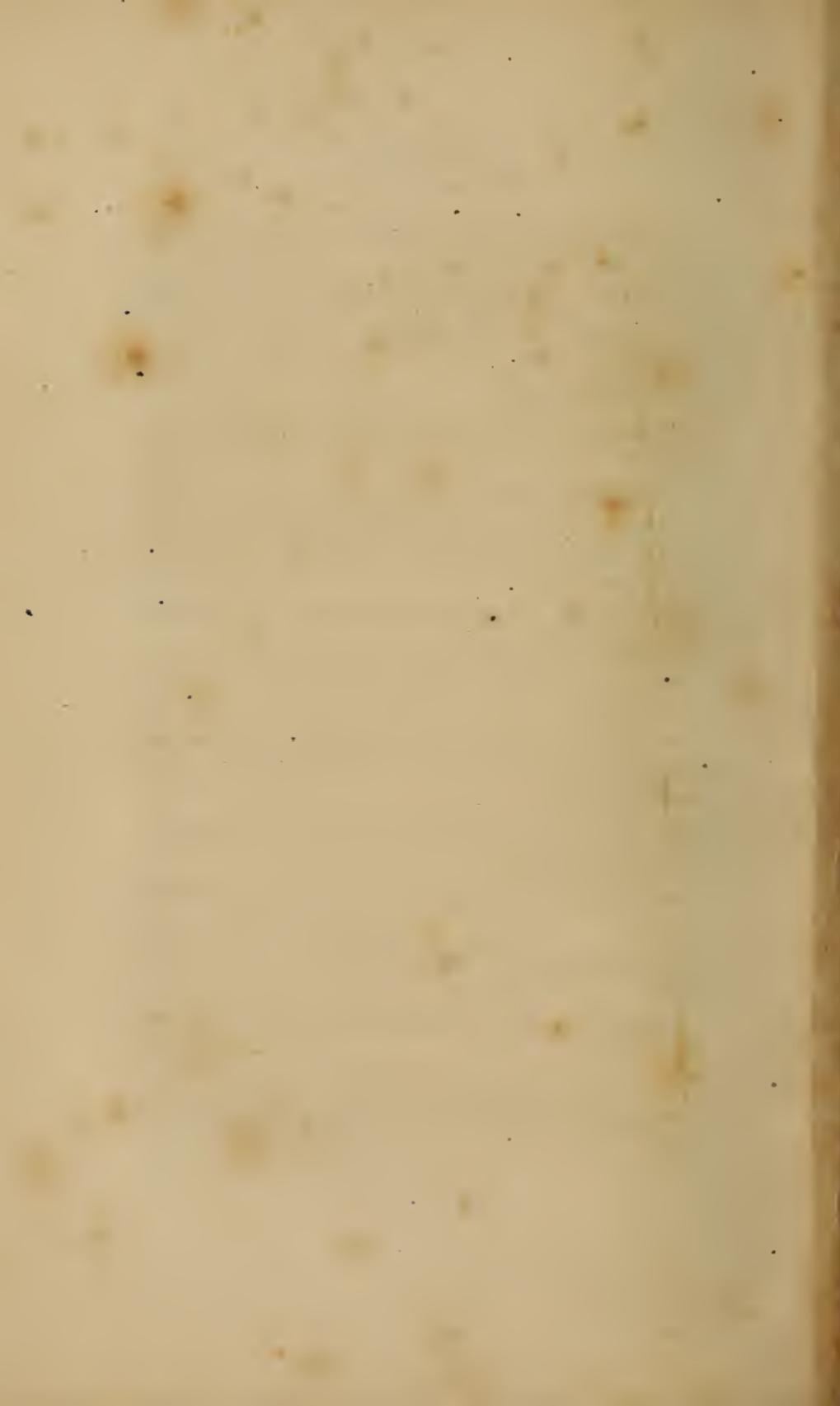
On page 150, 10th line from top, for "sparkless," read *spanless*.

On page 169, 11th line from bottom, for "wrapt," read *rapt*.

On page 170, 5th line from top, for "spiritually," read *spiritual*.

On page 171, 1st line, for "clothed," read *clothe*.

On page 183, 5th line from bottom, for "rights," read *right*.



SCHENECTADY : ITS SCENERY-ITS BURNING.

Delivered before the Themean Society of Union College, in 1810—at that time published by request.

Kind auditors—ye fair—ye wise—
Well pleased, yet diffident I rise,
With humble aim and honest views,
To profit whom I would amuse :
To please the youthful if I may,
By youthful and my earliest lay.
The tasteful win, by numbers terse :
Nor sate nor tire by lengthened verse.
But rue the freak of modern time
For rhymesters to declaim their rhyme.
Soft lays that to the lyre belong,
Ill suit the rough declaimer's tongue.

I pondered long o'er classic page,
I faithful traced historic age,
And traversed city, country, clime,
For fit material for my rhyme.

And asked my Muse again :—again—
Dame Fancy courted—racked my brain,
But brain, nor fancy, muse nor wit,
Would name me subject apt or fit :
When peering to my wearied eye,
Uprose good old Schenectady.
And with it rose slight blush of shaine,
That city, not unknown to Fame,
Well praised as virtuous, kind and good,
From childhood on to womanhood—
Adorned by architectic skill—
Environ'd by mountain, slope and hill,
And graced by sons and daughters fair,
And learn-ed too beyond compare,
And famed as seat of Muses long,
Should go unpraised by poet song.
But stay, thou wild, erratic Muse—
Forbear to flatter or abuse
Her daughters, sons and worthy dames,
Her sires and men of honored names,
Have hither come, and kindly hear :
And naught satiric or severc
Should lurk, or in my verse appear.

Schenectady!—begin my Muse—
Begin! nor loftiest strains refuse,
Sing of her beauty, wealth and worth,
Her infancy and budding forth—
Her past reverses—recent growth,
The learn-ed aspect now she show'th.
—Oft have I climbed the hill-side nigh,
Or College* steeple towering high,
And viewed in one expansive show
Schenectady, and all below!
Full wide the darkling city spreads;
The buildings roughly lift their heads,
Like surges of volcanic rock,
Upthrown by earthquake's mighty shock;
Some, sharp and ridgy in their form,
Right shaped to rive the pelting storm;
Some mansions worn, and old, and frail,
Hard shiver in the western gale,
And new ones tower by their side
In conscious elegance and pride.
Heavenward the city steeples rise,
As if to kiss the bending skies:

* The Old College.

One Temple* midst the group appears,
Marked with the wear of many years,
And from her height looks gloomy down,
On hillside, dale, and clamorous town.
There, frequent with incessant roar,
Swift whirl the wheels the pavement o'er.
The eye now bending lowly, meets
The mazy crowds that walk the streets ;
Sees scores now taking promenade,
O'er pebbled walks—in grateful shade.
And spies, as craving useful knowledge,
Some fair ones tripping near our College.
Southward, the aspiring heights uprear,
And curving, West and Northward veer ;
Thence East, to form one beauteous crown,
Like those which lofty monarchs own.
But here alone, delightful seen
By such as might take seat within,
And mark the golden tint thereon,
At rising morn or setting sun.
This glittering show was mine to see :
And grave on living memory

* The old Dutch Church—now demolished.

The soul-entrancing scenery.
See orchards blooming, and beside
The winding lucid stream to glide
Innumerous meadows, landscapes gay,
Rich cultured fields and fallows gray.
And far adown the plain below
The plowman turn his furrows slow
Adjacent where the steeds are grazing,
Or wildly through the pastures racing.
While hungry herds young flowers are nipping
Or lazy 'neath the shade are sleeping.
Some students 'cross the fields are moving,
Or distant o'er the hillside roving.
Eastward, 'mid groves and hillocks green,
The sportive white-robed nymphs are seen,
And nearer, cooled by grateful shade,
Is heard the song of dairy maid :
Far distant, in yon woody vale,
'Tis said the lover pours his tale—
Wild uttering to the listening wind
The moanings of his wildered mind,
Of Laura's faithlessness complains,
In broken sighs—in melting strains.

—West side, enriched by circling flood,
Yon islands heave their bosoms broad,
Where o'er, by cable, floats the scow,
With freight of steed or dairy cow—
Of load of golden harvest-yield,
Just reaped and gathered from the field.
Adjacent, see broad Mohawk pours,
Through distant hills and winding shores,
O'er gentle falls and rocky shoals,
And curving by the city, rolls ;
While up the stream moves hard and slow,
The heavy-laden, long batteau,
And o'er its waveless, glassy tide,
The nimble skiff is seen to glide.
North-side, midst bramble, shrub and brake,
Clear shines a little silver lake,*
Where angler in his tiny boat,
With hook and line is seen to float.
While fenny sides and flags among,
The blackbird trills his shrilly song,
And bob-o-lincoln tunes his ditty
In praise of madam Lincoln pretty ;

* This lake has latterly disappeared.

And mingling with their varied notes,
The bell-voice of the College floats
O'er city, hill and spreading vale,
Through woodland walks, and verdant dale,
Sweet music to the sons of lore,
Recalled to classic page once more.

—Such is your city, such the scene,
But such it has not early been :
For once it was a desert view,
And Fancy paints, nor paints untrue—
The forest shadow on the spot,
The Indian in his bark-built cot,
The deer light-bounding through the wood,
The wolf hoarse howling for her food ;
The partridge strolling with her brood,
The panther on his hungry chase,
The owl, shrill shrieking through the place,
Where now upsprings the polished town,
And all the joys of peace are known.

Your annals, of an ancient date,
Dire massacre and ravage state.
I wot that Pity's listening ear,
Will patiently my legend hear :

Will well appreciate, treasure well
The tragic tale my verse shall tell.

Twice sixty Winter suns ago,
A Gallic leagued with savage foe,
Forth issued from Canadian land,
And crossed by Frontinac's command
The desert drear. And warring came,
Not for dominion, nor for fame ;
Plunder and butchery was their aim,
Nor sought they as their purposed prey
Ill-doom'd, unwarned Schenectada ;
But wandering, and advancing slow,
(For deep had fallen the cumbering snow,)
And far by cold and fasting spent,
Hither their altered course they bent ;
And skulked, short distance from the town,
As eve put on her mantle brown,
And watched, as wolves lurk to devour,
For Night's drear, stillest, blackest hour.
Ill-fated town ! Did no one come
To apprise thee of thy coming doom ?
Abroad was neither scout nor spy,
To warn if enemy were nigh ?

Was there no wakeful sentinel
To say if aught was ill or well ?
To fire the appointed signal-gun—
To speak of skirmishing begun ?
Nay, all was still ; nor guard was there,
Nor marshalled band to wake for war.
The watch-dogs in their kennels lay,
As if unused to watch or bay.
Nor waked that fowl that saved old Rome,
From furious Vandals' threatened doom.
The city lay in sleepy trance,
Save such as whirled in giddy dance ;
And gamblers, at their cards and dice,
Save thieves that nightly ply their trade,
And burglars, stealthy to invade ;
Save gluttons, met to gormandize ;
Low tipplers, self to brutalize ;
Or some that watched with weary head
O'er lingering sick man's gloomy bed.

But hark ! The midnight hour has come,
Methinks I hear low voices grum :
I note the red men's stealthy stir,
As creep they forth from oak and fir ;

I hear their leader's signal-hiss,
To call them from the wilderness ;
I see them come with lighted brands—
With hatchets glittering in their hands ;
I catch the well-known savage hum—
Quick ! guardsmen, beat the alarum drum' ;
Rouse ! citizens—your foes—your foes !
Your weapons seize—your gateway close.
They 're pouring in at the open gate,
Your homes defend ! Too late—too late !
I see no mustering soldiers nigh,—
All panic-struck—they fly—they fly !
The savage has his way and will :
To sack, to plunder, burn or kill.
I hear the rumbling falling door—
I hear the mingled scream and roar—
I hear the astounding savage yell,
As if the fiends were waked from hell !
I hear the long knives horrid clash
With wielded sword, 'mid musket flash !
I catch the husband's dying groan—
I hear the matron's piteous moan.
Again, weak childhood's piercing cry—

It is the children's turn to die.
Resistance does the foe no harm,
And rare, and weak resisting arm.
See! from yon burning building springs,
One to whose breast an infant clings :
And mark that hideous savage hie,
No pity nestles in his eye ;
With wolfish fury see him wrest
The dear one from the mother's breast !
He gives—Ah me ! the fatal knock,
Its blood and brains stream down the rock.
She pleads for others of her train,
But for her flock she pleads in vain ;
Regards he not their piteous cry,
But one by one he dooms to die.
She sees them all in slaughter laid ;
Herself the Indian's captive made.
—From street to street the murderers pass,
They spare no age, nor sex, nor class ;
At every door, on every side,
Pours copiously the crimson tide :—
No martial band stands up for fight,
Each soldier falls, or takes to flight.

—Now dark the smoky volumes rise,
Red flames ascend to illume the skies ;
Each steepled church—each public hall,
With manse and cottage prostrate fall !
All—all is wasted by the foe,
A mournful, dismal, painful show.

But hark ! What means that startling yell ?
I hear the perpetrators fell,
Exulting as their victim bleeds :
Triumphing midst their ruthless deeds ;
The gory knife, still dripping red,
Deep gashes round the lifeless head :
The scalp is from the skull wide-torn,
And on the wreaking steel-point borne,
As trophy of their conquest low—
As laurels for victorious show.

Hither, now divert your eyes ;
Rest them on the adjacent plain,
See the exulting Indian's prize—
'Tis the remnant of the slain.

'Tis no captured warrior troop,
Fathers, mothers, children, they—

'Tis a melancholy group ;
Made the rueless Indian's prey.

Shudders now the maiden fair,
As she treads the biting snow—
As she feels the wintry air
On her thin clad frame to blow.

'Tis a sad and piteous band ;
Hard they plead for short delay—
Death is in the driver's hand,
Fear impels them on their way.

Doleful thought pervades their mind,
As like Trajans leaving Troy ;
Cast they lingering look behind,
On the scenes of perished joy.

Now the wilderness they nigh :
Vanished now all earthly good—
Utter they one frantic cry,
Then are lost in shadowy wood.

Is there then no helping hand—
None to rescue from the foe ?

Yes ! Behold yon warrior band,
Hasting from the town below.

On that dark, disastrous night,
When the slumbering city fell,
Few had thither urged their flight—
Tidings of their friends to tell.

On, the youthful heroes speed :
Nimble as the bounding deer,
Naught the wilderness they heed ;
Naught the savages they fear.

Soon they reach the mazy ground,
Where the resting Indian lies,
Mid his plundered booty round,
With his sleepless captive prize.

Quick as thought, they charge—they fight,
Urged by hate and vengeful ire ;
Now the forest gleams with light,
Shakes with thunder, streams with fire.

See ! The vile barbarian flies—
'Tis the murderer's turn to bleed ;

'Tis the Indian now that dies,
Suffers vengeance for his deeds.

But that youthful giant band,
Bravely though they long contend,
From the flying foeman's hand,
Cannot rescue every friend.

Stay they now their vain pursuit;
Backward trace their outward course,
Wearied vigor to recruit:
Weakened band to reinforce.

Hopeless now the remnant prize,
Borne by savage in his flight;
Tortured by him as he flies,
Beat by day and watched by night.

Scores by famine end their day;
Others by the tomahawk—
Mothers faint upon the way,
Babes are dashed upon the rock.

Turn we now and re-survey,
Hapless town and border scene,

View by light of rising day,
Where marauding foe hath been.

All is sunk in ashy heap ;
Smoky clouds o'er-hang the spot,
No one comes to wail and weep—
Weep o'er friends that now are not.

Lo ! there, to cheer his wife at home,
A huntsman from his night-chase come,
To bring to his loved domicil,
The game he had the luck to kill,
With wearied frame, yet buoyant heart.
But see him pause, and gaze, and start !
Hear him exclaim, while bounding on,
The city ! Where ? O where ? All gone
Those homes ! Oh where—where is my own ?
With lengthened stride he onward leaps,
Tow'rd smoking ruins, smouldering heaps :
“ My wife ! ” Ah, see him o'er the spot,
Where stood but yesterday his cot !
“ Oh wife ! ” now hear him frantic call ;
“ The flames have wrapped, consumed my all ! ”
He searches for her sad remains,

But naught of vestige true regains.
He starts anew—"And can it be
The work of savage enemy?"
"It is!" Then wildly, loudly cries,
"She *must* not be the Indian's prize :
"I'll seek her, and the robber dies !
"Alas! vain hope ; too late—too late.—
"I *can't* resign her to her fate!"
Then takes the trail, o'er plain and hill,
Through shaded vale, o'er noisy rill :
When, lo! to cheer his frenzied eye,
Come victor warriors marching nigh,
To speak her captured in the night,
And haply rescued in the fight.
—With hurried step and grateful heart :
With bolder and more hopeful start,
He springs to embrace with joyous heart,
The lost and the reclaimed again ;
Unlost, unruined, and unslain.

Alas! what Muse is adequate
To sing that city desolate,
By savage tomahawk and fire :

What poet suit his sounding lyre,
To speak the unutterable grief,
Of such as mourned without relief
Their absent friends yet unrestored,
As worse than dead to be deplored ?
—Associate with survivors few,
Soon gather cultivators new,
And rear, as time takes rapid flight,
New mansions on the ashy site.
And soon, o'er slope and spacious plain
Appears Schenectady again :—
And fairer too, as we have seen ;
More thrifty, flourishing and sheen.
—Brave were your sires, and wise, and good,
As muse and bard have understood ;
And when proud Britain sent her fleet,
To bow us suppliant at her feet ;
When army after army came,
To waste with cannon, sword and flame,
Your sons were not the last to show
Resistance to the boasting foe.
Full many a sire obeyed the call,
To jeopard life, possession, all :

And many a mother, many a wife,
Lost son and husband in the strife ;
Many a maiden wept again,
Her lover in the battle slain :
On shore and river, lake and sea,
Your soldiers battled with the free.

--And when proud Britain dropped the war,
And yielded what we struggled for,
Your fathers were not slow to raise
Tribute of gratitude and praise
To Him, who crowned the costly strife,
With freedom and a happier life.
Such, citizens, your fame whilom ;
Such is your city and your home.
Success rewards your honest toil,
Rich plenty crowns your generous soil :
Religion spreads her genial wing
O'er old and young, and every thing ;--
True science shines, instructs, refines :
Here virtuous beauty smiles and shines--
And on the city, people, all,
Celestial blessings daily fall.

I close. May richest gifts of Heaven
To you and yours be ever given.

ADDENDA.

The Muse resumes the theme of youthful day,
A grateful tribute to the wise to pay,
Would speak the known munificence of *him*
Whose aim in early and in later time
Was bent yon row of edifice to raise ;
The city's ornament—the builder's praise :—
From whom the author in his first es-say,
Received suggestions helpful to his lay ;
Who but for him who bade him tune his lyre,
Had haply failed in numbers to aspire—
Who helped to trim his Muse's wayward wing,
And praised the verse he bade him early sing ;
Still longer may that honored sire be spared,
In whose fair fame Schenectady has shared.

How changed its scenes, by commerce and by art !
To please the eye, and benefit the heart.
Where noble Mohawk's grateful waters flow
Ascends no more the lingering, long batteau.
In less romantic, less poetic way,

In this more wise—this more inventive day,
By gentler, speedier, smoother water-way
Has Art provided, commerce to convey.
Where once slow rolled the heavy laden wain,
Now swiftly glides the fiery lightning train !

Yet Mourns the bard, at half centennial,
Compelled sad change, and painful to recall :
To note the havoc death and time have made,
His class alumni numbered with the dead.

POETIC EPISTLE TO A SISTER.

SISTER ANNA :

See another

Letter from your poet brother,
Who complains of want of time,
Yet can 'ford to write in rhyme,
Merely (for 'tis twice the trouble,)
To attain at something noble.
Or to please a whim of his :
Or because 'twould flatter Sis.
Your kind letter late received,
Brought me pleasure, and retrieved
Partly, your declining credit.
For I thought, and likely *said* it—
Kindred friends had all forgot
Whether I still *lived*, or not ;
And sufficient cause I had
For complaint, and being sad.
Letters from the friends I love
Never-failing solace prove,
To my oft dejected mind,

And are testimonials kind—
Pledges of the love of friends.
And they make me faint amends
For their absence; and privation
Of their smiles and conversation.
Judge, then Sister, the effect
Your long silence, nay *neglect*,
Had upon your brother's heart!
And was yours a friendly part
Thus with other friends to slight
And forget your brother quite?
But, no more. I'll pardon all,
And now hasten, (lest I pall
By my rough insipid verse,)
Thro' my letter, and converse
(And I hope in softer strain,)
On my home-return again.
Think they'll all, this time, be glad,
Home, to see the College-lad?
Will all Deerfield dance for joy
'Gain to see the College-boy?
Will the clever beaux and lasses
Welcome me with smiling faces

Home, to join, (where joys abound,)
In their festive social round?
Will old maids and boys to greet me
Barefoot scamper out, and meet me?
Nay, but think you? tell me plain,
Am I wished for home again?
Could I one new pleasure bring
To your dear domestic ring?
Or your troubles dissipate?
Or your sorrows palliate?
If my presence could restore
Any comforts, or add more,
Then 'twere reasonable to wish it
That I pay you one more visit.
Well!—to save us altercation,
I will spend the next vacation
(If the winds blow fair, and cash come,
For we students always dash some
On our passage home from College,)
At the cradle of my knowledge:
Deerfield town and Whites-boro',
Washed by Mohawk's overflow.

Yours, affec't,

UNION COLLEGE, Nov. 25th, 1810.

P. C.

THE ROSE ON THE HILL.

Young Chorydon wandered one morn in a vale
With the beauties of nature bespread :
When a rose on the hill, as it waved in the gale,
Seemed to beckon the youth with its head.

So he ventured to climb to the ai-ry height,
Where the blossom expanded so fair ;
No flower upon earth so enraptured his sight,—
So shed its perfume on the air.

He watched the fit season to capture the flower,
And make it exclusively his.
Consent was obtained, and most happy the hour,
That proffered superlative bliss.

Not long was his stay on the gaily decked hill,
When his spirits showed symptoms of blight ;
The winds on the summit were ruffling and chill,
And dizzying its towering height.

So he raised the sweet shrub from its cherishing
soil,
And planted it low in the vale ;
_D

And he gave it while there, both his care and his
toil,
To render it blitheful and hale.

But spite of his love and of his delicate care,

It faded, grew drooping, and ill :

Then Chorydon grieved the bright rose he could
tear,

From its own native soil on the hill.

Thus choosing a blossom to smile on my life,

Nor mutual sorrow entail—

Let me take not the rose of high rank for a wife,

But the lily that grows in the vale.

POETIC EPISTLE TO A BROTHER.

Some weeks, I trow, have trundled on,
 Since when I wrote thee, brother John :
 This eve entranced in idle mood,
 Tho' long time since the Muse I've wooed ;
 Thought struck me, that I'd feel my lyre,
 And find if all was yet entire.
 Tho' rust had made a breach or two,
 'Tis sure as poets' words are true,
 I'd scarce begun its powers to try,
 When Pegasus came scampering by :
 But mount I would not,—for 'twas better,
 Thought I, to freight him with a letter ;
 Accept it, and since you're a sharer
 In this famed steed, treat well the bearer.

In truth, I know not what to write ;
 My Muse don't treat me well to-night,
 And treats me very justly too—
 I'd nearly bid the maid adieu.

My health is, more than usual, good ;

Affairs much so as late they stood.
While sitting now beside my fire,
Tho' far from friends, and lone entire,
I've happiness in greater measure
Than sons of business and of pleasure,
Who ceaseless toil and gaily jostle,
Through empty joys, and noisy bustle.
E'en now, while raves the storm without,
Cold whistling round our mansion stout,
How gently sweet the soul's emotions--
Quite safe from harm, from dire commotions !
E'en like a vessel's gentle roll,
Far moored from Ocean's dread control.
Tho' strays my mind, (unbent and free,)
To scenes of human misery—
To sick man's views, just o'er his grave ;
The sailor, struggling midst the wave ;
The soldier, shivering 'neath his tent,
With toil, disease, and hardship spent :
Or weltering on the battle ground,
Mid thousands groaning, dying round.
Thus busied, tho' I'm prone to grieve
At other's woes, and can't relieve ;

Still it is partial happiness
To sympathize in man's distress ;
Yet joy arises from the thought,
That Heaven has given me happier lot--
A home, health, safety, friends, content,
And heart on peace and science bent.
“One thing,” mayhap my friend replies,
“To make this world a Pardise,
“Thou lackest yet : A consort kind ;
“Of taste domestic, soul refined,
“With babes—say one, or two, or three—
“Sweet prattling round the parent’s knee.”

You’re right, perhaps. And I’ve a wife,
My book :—who leads a lonely life,
And children (Academic) too,
Who claim attention all day through.

My Muse is dull, and tired outright,
So, brother John, good night,—good night.

P. C.

MONTGOMERY, Dec. 5th, 1812.

BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

From the land o'er the rivers and lakes of the north,
The Briton and Tory and Savage came forth ;
And swarmed in the forest begirting the fort,
Ere the few at Old Stanwix had timely report.
St. Ledger, with Johnson and Brant in intrigue,
(Oppressor, deserter and savage in league,) Forth-summoned the feeble to yield the command,
Or slaughter incur from the murderous band.
But Gansevoort answered, the threat and the
vaunt,

“To Ledger and Johnson and Butler and Brant
“I yield not, nor tamely surrender the post :
“We trust not the mercy of a merciless host—
“Appointed by patriots to garrison here,
“We firmly defend, though defensee may be dear.”
—Far down on the river o'er flat and o'er hill,
The dwellers were toiling securely and still,
When the voice of a runner who cried as he ran,
Brake shrill on the ear of a gallant old man.
“The spoilers have come to lay waste and assail—

“Wake! dwellers on Mohawk, on hill side and
vale.

“Up! Rescue our men in the fortress beset,
“From the grasp of the foe and their merciless
threat.”

Quick Herkimer sped from his plough in the soil,
To marshal the yoemanry fresh from their toil.
And they march for Old Stanwix through the
wilderness drear,

Unchecked by the danger, unshaken by fear.
But they pause to hold council at Oriskany’s
Bend,

Where the rash with their wary commander
contend;

Who counseled precaution—a scout in advance,
To wait reinforcement to favor the chance;
And march when the cannon’s concerted report,
Announces a sortie of the brave at the fort.

—But branded as coward, he, mounting his
steed—

“March onward,” exclaimed, “I am ready to
lead!”

When a shout of approval—as he gave the
command,—

Brake forth from the lips of the confident band.

—So they hasten, tumultuous, the forest to
thread,

Through pathway ill-beaten, by wayfarer's tread.

And they venture in cautious, where the ambush
is laid—

Where hemlock and cedar stand thick to o'er-
shade.

—Ah! Why all unheeding did they pass the
ravine,

Where Brant and his warriors lay waiting
unseen ?—

Ha! List to that war-whoop and the rifles' sharp
rattle;

They spring from their hiding to the merciless
battle.

They throng the rough causeway that spans the
morass,

Ere the rear-guard dissevered have entered the
pass;

Who, routed and broken, are driven amain,
While the van-guard, unaided, the conflict
maintain.

And thickly they fall, by the tree-hidden foe—

By the scalper's keen knife and the tomahawk's
blow.

They break—but they rally at Herkimer's call,
And now the wild marksmen are marks for the
ball.

As they haste with the hatchet, when the bullet
has sped,

They feel the swift missile awaiting their tread ;
And the blood of the red man besatters the
tree,

Where sideway he peereth, the pale-face to see.
—How vivid the forest with the iterant flash !

How fearful the bayonet and tomahawk clash !
How deaf'ning the war-shout and odious yell !
Like voices of demons awaked from their hell !
How astounding the tumult as they struggle
pell-mell !

Yet fiercer the fight, as a Royalist chief,
Upleads the known Tories to the Indian's relief.
When patriot, and traitor, engrapple for life,
And vengeful and hated, both die in the strife :
Each combatant's blade in his combatant's side,
The blood of old neighbors commingle in tide.

—Loud Herkimer speaks, as the battle-storm
pours—

“Fight on, my brave fellows, the victory is
ours :”

When prone, with his charger, sore wounded he
falls ;

Yet nought the old Hero the disaster appals,—
Nor paled by the dead with their visages grim—
Nor blenched by the blood and the pang of his
limb ;

Erect on his saddle, from fallen steed torn,
He holds the vile tory and savage in scorn ;
Still orders his comrades, as they compass him
round,—

Who falter nor yield to the foemen the ground ;
Though thinned in their ranks yet dauntless fight
on :

—When the voice of a storm from the Terrible
One,

Faint heard at a distance, deep thundereth now,
And pours—as if ired by the carnage below,—
Its measureless torrents, well tending to stay
The slaughter and rage of the maddening fray.
Incessant with the lightnings flash,

Is heard the deafening forest crash,
Of elm and hemlock earthward bent ;
Of firs uprooted, cedars rent—
Is seen the cumulating flood,
Deep stained with gore and gurgling blood ;
And thirsty—midst the lifeless slain,
The wounded drinks the falling rain.
No whoop, nor yell, is uttered now ;
No voice, but voice of Torn-ado.
All still the clash and noisy rush,
Save dying groans, all, all, is hush ;
Jehovah speaketh from the sky—
His fiery chariot passeth by,
As if to assume superior sway,
And quell the wrath, and quash the fray.
—And sure the combatants will fear,
And end the direful carnage here—
—The armistice by Heaven compelled,
And for an hour reluctant held—
Is broken by the rifle rattle ;
The foe renews suspended battle.
Nor rain of Heaven can cool the wrath,
The patriot toward the tory hath.
Nor aught availeth to abate,

The tory grudge, or savage hate.
And terrible the struggle now ;
'Tis dirk to knife—'tis blow for blow,—
The red man swift the hatchet flings,
The patriot, broad his musket swings,
And earthward his opponent brings.
Here arms in arms, they mutual clasp—
There stretch their hand the throat to grasp,
And throttling, each falls down to die,—
And both, transfixed together lie.
But hark to that roar of the far signal-fire,
It comes to divert from the sacrifice dire.
The allies from war-note, at Stanwix afar,
Resolve on retreat to their comrades at war—
Withdraw from the battle-field strewn with their
slain,
Their wounded and dying, with their dead to
remain ;
And their way through the wilderness hasty
retrace,
The scalp, their vile trophy, defeat their disgrace.
Their hosts at the seige are appalled by the blow,
And Stanwix yields not at the threat of the foe.
—Thence Willet had sallied with a few of the brave,

Repaid on St. Ledger the threatenings he gave ;
Defeated his forces and captured his store ;
Secure to the fortress his equipage bore,
And high, to the vanquished, abashed and
dismayed,—

His flags on the rampart triumphant displayed.
—His proud co-invader, the boasting Burgoyne,
Despairing their forces and power to conjoin,
Succumbs to the rebels he vowed to distress,
And bows to the nation he sought to oppress.
—Thus, sure upon tyrants, Jehovah fulfills
The threatenings He utters, the judgments He
wills.

DEATH OF HERKIMER.

But Herkimer, borne to his sorrowing home,
Lies calm, with his Bible before him—
Unmoved by the tokens fortelling his doom,
Or the moans of friends that deplore him.

The watchers are hushed as he utters his prayer,
The mourners are noiselessly sighing ;
No thundering war-note is muttering there,
Where the Christian hero lies dying.

A psalm, addressed to his Maker on high,
Indited by Judah's sweet singer,
Engages his languid, but reverent eye,
And is traced by his trembling finger.

He faintly commands, as the strife of the field
Reinvades his delirious vision :
“ To traitors nor tory the victory yield,
“ But hold them in scorn and derision.”

Oriskany's vale, with its wood-land of gore,
Still echo's the patriot's story ;
But Herkimer slumbers, to battle no more
For his country's weal and her glory.

No proud mausoléum now crowneth the grave
Of the soldier and patriot hoary,
But the head of that Christian and warrior brave,
Is adorned with a halo of glory.

And long let the name of the patriot true,
The tales of the Mohawk enliven ;
But ne'er let the Valley the strife to renew—
To bloody resistence be driven.

|| Oh, sad was the cause of that wasting of life :
The need of our painful secession,—

'Twas Britian that kindled the terrible strife,
By enactments of haughty oppression.

O, hasten the era of peace and of love,
Foretold in prophetic vision ;
When men in accord with a Saviour above,
Shall banish all war-like collision.

RELIC OF ORISKANY BATTLE.

A gun, found on the Battle Field, after a repose of 81 years, comprising barrel, ramrod, lock and flint, in remarkable preservation, has suggested the following poem.

A late occupant had been clearing away the remains of an old tree-top, when a dairy cow, in passing, moved a stone, which, bounding and hitting the barrel, brought a sound, or voice from the relic, asking for deliverance from its long and tedious privacy, to tell its painful story, in answer to the questions of its finder :

Relic of heroic age—
Rouse thee from thy dusty bed.
Thou hast seen the battle rage,
Tell us of the noble dead.

Wont to slay the deer—the bear ;
Drop the squirrel from the tree,—
Thou art found embedded, where
Fell the sons of liberty.

Blood of bird and beast to spill,
Was it not thy destiny ?
Why aspire to hunt and kill
Heirs of immortality ?

“ Heirs of those who nobly fell,
“ Waging Freedom’s warfare dire ;
“ Raised from earth, I gladly tell,
“ Why my thoughts could thus aspire.

“ Early, as marauding bands,
“ Roused to war the yeomanry—
“ Arms they seized, with sudden hands,
“ Leaving house and husbandry.

“ When the tocsin spread alarms,
“ Far o’er Mohawk’s lengthened plain,
“ Calling men ‘to arms ! to arms !!’
“ Foes to meet and drive amain,”

When the brave in fortress pent,
For their brothers’ aid appealed,

I was for that bold intent,
Hurried from the rural field.

Formed, anon the army pushed,
Swiftly through the alluvial vale—
Hastily and wild they rushed,
Wily foeman to assail.

Prudent counsel,—nought they took—
Herkimer, their leader, gave ;
Short delay they could not brook :
Him, they branded as unbrave.

“I saw the old Hero to his saddle-seat spring ;
“The fire of his eye-glance was vividly bright.
“I heard the harsh drum and the trumpet’s shrill
ring,
“As he uttered, ‘march on ! I am firm for the
fight.’

“Pure white was his steed, and he fearlessly led
“Their way through the forest to the snare of
the foe ;
“A mark for the rifle, with its missile of dread,
“Fore-destined the rider and steed to o’er-
throw.

“ I saw, as the storm of the battle begun,
“ The horse and his master performing their
round ;
“ I heard the report of the death-bearing gun,
“ That felled them alike and at once to the
ground.

“ When Cox, at the head of his regiment fell,
“ I saw him and Hunt falling down with the
dead :
“ And Gardenier, with desperate courage repel,
“ And merge whom he slew, in the blood he
had shed.

“ I marked the red chieftains fell thick in the
fight,
“ Thus moving their sachem to counsel retreat ;
“ A war-note from Stanwix gives speed to their
flight,
“ And their wounded abandoned bespeak their
defeat.

“ —From the hands of a soldier, who sank in the
fray,
“ I fell down all heated and gory ;

“From the dust, in my rust, ye have raised me
to-day,

“To speak of the dead in my story.

“I’ve seen the wild forest-path choked with the
slain,

“The streamlet with red current pouring :

“I’ve heard from survivors, their wailings of pain,

“Dead fathers and husbands deplored.

“The eagle and raven came down on the dead,

“As I lay on my blood-sprinkled bedding ;

“At night, the gaunt wolves on their carcasses fed,

“No comrades or kindred forbidding.

“All dreary and life-long, has been my repose,

“Midst the bones and the relics around me ;

“I’ve marvelled, while seen by the elks and the
roes,

“No friend of the fallen had found me.

“The woodman hath felled all the musical trees,

“That whispered their condolence to me ;

“The rumble and scream of the cars on the
breeze,

“For years have passed over and through me.

“The plowman hath plodded a team-length from
me,

“Through spring, summer, fall, in succession,
“But turned not his head, nor an eye-glance to
see,

“To learn and relieve my condition.

“Quite sick of blood and of murderous strife,

“And time-worn and rusty and eaten,

“I fain would return to my primitive life,

“Or be to a pruning-hook beaten.”

Recovered memento of patriot strife,

We cherish thy honored remains;

Thou'l't rob no more the brutes of their life,

Nor rust again on the plains.

Too deeply eaten for a pruning-hook,

To trim the exuberant tree;

We'll hold thee as a memorial book,

Or a keep-sake of the free.

From the sight of garments deep rolled in blood,

And the noise of the warrior strife,

We turn us to welcome a higher good,

In the deeds of a peaceful life.

SKENANDOAH,

THE ONEIDA CHIEF.

From the camp of the pale-faced the chieftains
have come,
To muster no more at the beat of the drum.
Their pipes, the white monarchs* have smoked
 into peace,
And the strife of the battle is bidden to cease.
The patriot soldier unscathed by the war,
Has sought his loved farm, and his household
 afar ;
And the war-horse dismissed from his onerous
 toil,
Exchanges the death-car for the plow in the soil.
But slowly, and sadly, the furrows they turn—
The husband and matron are destined to mourn :
The Demon of war-strife, in pitiless rage,
Has torn from their circle the prop of their age.
The virgins have ceased to rejoice in the dance ;
The pastor is weeping in his hospitable manse,
For absent parisioners missed from his flock :

* Monarchs of England and France after the French War.

Who perished by hardship, or fell in the shock.
Nor griefless the red-men returned to their tribe,
Too numerous their sorrows for muse to describe;
In forest, on hill-side, uncounted the graves,
The war of the white-men has dug for the braves.
Full many a wigwam is tenantless now :
The builder is fallen by the sword of the foe.
The dark eye of maiden now gushes with grief ;
She mourns for the lost one—the son of a chief.
And the father all prone in the dust of his hut,
Bewails his dead son and is comforted not.

Who cares for the Indian, so savage and low ?
But his soul is not senseless to joy, or to woe.
His heart, though in warfare is tempered to steel,
Can melt in retirement,—in secret can *feel*.

But the tide-wave of grief has now timely gone
by ;
The Sachem's grieved bosom less swells with the
sigh ;
The tear on the cheek of the maiden is dry ;
The war-whoop has ceased, and the sorrowful
wail,
But a whoop for a council is heard in the vale.

The whites have remembered the red-man's estate:
Have sent an Apostle, (why send him so late?)
To publish a rescue from the pitiless foe :
Redemption from sin, and the prison of woe.
The Sachem has welcomed—his runners are sent
To gather the chieftains—to gain their consent :
The sons of the forest are all on the move ;
And speed to convene at the Butternut grove.
Assembled : The chieftain with patriarch grace,
Assumes his high seat in the concillers' place ;
Their eyes on the white-man distrustfully glance,
But Skenando beckons the stranger's advance.
'Tis Kirkland, the friend of the red-man adduced,
The red-man defrauded, corrupted, seduced ;
Who thus, to the Sachem and council began :—
“Deep moved by the Spirit—commissioned by
man,
“Oneidas, I come as a brother, not foe,
“The faith of a Christian to bring and to show ;
“To urge on your nation a saving belief ;
“Soft peace to your conscience—a balm for your
grief ;
“To preach, through repentance and a change of
your ways,

“Eternal redemption by pardoning grace.
“I come to instruct you—perchance to abide—
“To stay, or depart, as your voice shall decide.”
He spake, and scarce a pause ensued,
When fierce amid the council stood
A savage form of stature high—
And gave the speaker brief reply :
“Your words fall smooth on Indian’s ear ;
“You wear the coat of harmless deer ;
“But red-man spies a wolf beneath,—
“Can see him move, and hear him breathe :
“Who comes to stay and eat our food ;
“To steal our venison, suck our blood :
“You bring Good Spirit ? Yah-ta-on-le !
“Bah, bah, you whites. Stand off—begone ye.”
He spake, and through his savage clan
Responsive murmur gruffly ran ;
Whom, gravely answered Skenando :
“My heart thinks not to counsel so ;—
“For whites, you grasped the tomahawk—
“Accept their teacher—hear his talk.
“Our war-whoop, long, has ceased to sound ;
“We’ve sunk the hatchet in the ground.
“To them our wampum belt is given,—

“ We'll talk of peace, and think of heaven.
“ Let white-man find a wigwam here,
“ And smoke our pipe, and eat our deer.”
He sat. When through the council went,
A louder murmur—of assent.
Kirkland is hailed by Indian host,
As teacher of the savage lost ;
To point and guide him in the way,
That leads to realms of endless day.

SABBATH AT ONEIDA.

The week came round and brought the Sabbath
day ;
A law which Kirkland taught them to obey ;
And had the notice sent, and many came
To see—to hear the messenger proclaim
The Christian scheme. The teacher oped the
Word,
And preached the Gospel of the risen Lord.
Spoke of the Creation, and of Adam's Fall ;
And by him sin and death entailed on all ;
F

Of earth despoiled by desolating flood,
And remnant saved by clemency of God ;
Of a Redeemer, sent to preach and die—
To save the lost from sin and misery.
Of Heaven he spake, and of a fearful Hell ;
Of those assigned in either place to dwell.
—And as he ardent on the topics dwelt,
Few listened well, and fewer deeply felt.
He paused, and prayed : when suddenly arose
A pagan chief, to cavil and oppose—
And gave in brief, their legendary myth,
And his opinions intermixed therewith.

LEGEND MYTH OF THE SIX NATIONS.*

Time was when this surrounding space—
Where earth has now his dwelling place—
Was all a dark and liquid mass,
Where man was never known to pass.
When all of souls that ever were,
Dwelt in a world in upper air.
Where countless beasts of every name—

* See Note I. at the end of Poems of Mohawk Valley,—Mythology of the Iroquois or Six Nations.

To please the eye and furnish game—
Pervaded mountain, hill and dale ;
Each verdant plain, and woody vale.
Where brook and river, sea and lake,
Were stocked with fish for man to take.
Where trees and plants spontaneous grew,
And flowers of every form and hue,
And fruits, the taste to gratify,
And grains, a rich and full supply.
The tranquil air, was fanned and stirred
By every wing-ed fowl and bird.
No threatening cloud, nor driving storm
Came down to frighten or deform.
No fell disease, nor death, nor woe
Invaded there, as here below.
Nor feuds, nor war, nor fierce debate,
Nor envy, malice, wrath nor hate
E'er rose to mar the perfect peace
In that pure world of righteousness.
Unnumbered years thus onward rolled—
A wife presumptuous and bold,
Despised and broke the marriage law—
When all combined to adjudge the squaw—
And hurled her, from the world of bliss

Deep down into the dark abyss.
And she, upon a turtle's back—
That followed on her downward track—
Founded and built this present earth,
And peopled it, by givng birth
To two, whence sprang the human race—
To whom all sin and woe we trace :
Which race she tries, each mode and measure,
To vex and ruin at her pleasure.
And anciently, upraised a flood
To drown her own rebellious brood.
And would,—had not a remnant fled,
And found on mountain's loftiest head
A refuge, where the deluge crest
Had failed in effort to invest ;
And some that took to their canoe,
And lived the flood and tempest through.
And now by land and ocean's quake,
She hopes, a total end to make
Of all that live. And we can show
A chasm she made an age ago ;
Whence outward fled in consternation,
The fathers of our noble nation,
Whom Mannito,—the Spirit Power—

Protects, and shall, forever more.
So nought we prize your Bible talk ;
We have our rule by which we walk.
We need no Prince to die for us—
To cleanse our sin, to bear our curse :
We have reliable tradition ;
We prize our usage and condition.
Wherefore we more than hesitate,
To adopt the faith you preachers' state.
In proud conceit he sat him down,
And seemed to feel the victory won.
A savage umph, or two, was heard,
But much the Word the sachem prized,
Him cherished, and upheld his hand
As teacher in Oneida Land.
A brighter sun thus gilds Oneida's vale,
Nor gilds in vain. Nor does the gospel fail
To tame the savage, renovate the soul :
To cheer the forest, luminate the whole.
Meantime glad rumors reach the Sachem's ear.
A whoop announces messengers of cheer.
White men approach, and bring in costume strange
A red man freed by rule of war's exchange :
From Gallic land a captive brave returned,

As dead, and lost believed, and sorely mourned.
'Tis he, the Sachem's son, the white man brings,
To embrace him, see, the unknown stranger
springs.

"'Tis I," he cries, "long lost, but found again,
Reported dead but rescued from the slain."
See, by his side the espoused maiden stand,
To know her chief restored from spirit land.
"And is it he, or has his spirit come
"To take me too to dwell in happier home ?
"On hunting ground where roam the elk, the
deer

"In countless herds, nor cruel want nor fear
"Invade the Indian's peaceful wigwam more,
"Nor white man drive us far to western shore."
When turned they all to seek the rural spot
Where stood the Sachem's rude and humble cot,
When after meal and suitable repose
The chief and maid their mutual love disclose.

She said that day you fought and fell,
(As Indian runner came to tell,)
I seemed to faint, or fall asleep,
And saw you come with whoop and leap
And take me by my willing hand,

And bear me to a better land,
Where all was bright and mild and fair,
Where breezes sweet perfumed the air,
Where death nor sickness e'er pervade,
Nor strifes nor revels low invade ;
Where hunting grounds securely stand,
Nor white man seizes Indian land,
Nor lures us off to countries far
To wage with him disastrous war.
Where Indians from espous-ed squaw
Are never tempted to withdraw
By fiery drink, our people's bane,
The white man brings to swell his gain.—
All blissful did that people seem—
Tell me my warrior, was't a dream ?
Ne-ah,—You dreamed of what is true :
You see I've come to walk with you
Through hunting grounds in forests near,
Where sport the bear, the elk the deer.
I vow to go no more afar
To help the white man wage his war,
And I will take you for my squaw,
Nor heed temptation to withdraw.
Our tribe shall aid the preacher wise

To make our land a paradise,
To expel the fiery water drink,*
Nor more of revels talk or think.
Thus sweetly talked this happy pair,
Of future prospects bright and fair—
Few winged months pass speedy on,
When they are destined to be one.
And pleasant now the Muse's part
To sketch by her appropriate art
The rites and nuptial pageantry,
As taught in ancient legend'ry.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY.†

'Twas at a time when floral May,
Arrayed her in her mantle gay,
Came forth the sylvan groom and bride :
A mother's love, a father's pride.—
And tripped they onward smilingly,
Each decked in native finery.

*Skenandoah having been enticed and made drunk on a visit to Albany resolved, and kept his resolve, to drink thereafter no more firewater.

† See Note II. at the end of Poems of Mohawk Valley.

As chief, he wore the warrior's dress,
With silver jewels in excess,
And turban crowned with feathers gay
From owl and eagle, hawk and jay ;
With coat of cloth of glossy jet,
And moccasins with wampum set.
The maid, with braided hair appears,
With jeweled nose and jeweled ears,
With wampum-beaded moccasins
Of leather dressed of reindeer skins ;
With dress of fashionable blue,
And pantaletts of kindred hue.
And jollily and hand in hand
They reach the grove and wedding stand,
Where comes the Sachem Skenando
With native pride and Indian show,
The happy couple to unite,
(For Sachems then performed the rite,
Accordant with the ancient fashion,
Unlike the modes of Christian nation,)
And points them to a station near
O'erspread with robes of bear and deer.
Young warriors follow in their train,
Bedecked with gems and tinsel vain,

When back to back the parties sit,
A mode their fashion deemed most fit.
“Warrior,” he says, “you’ve chosen your mate,
“You vow her tenderly to treat,
“For her the wigwam store with care,
“With meat of elk, and deer, and bear.
“Before the braves assembled now,
“You take the sacred marriage vow,
“Which should you dare to violate
“The tomahawk shall be your fate.
“—And woman, who have chosen too,
“This warrior for a guide to you,
“Do you avow and give consent
“To be his squaw with full content.
“To him be faithful, kind and true,
“And keep his wigwam sacred too;
“But if you once should deviate
“The tomahawk must be your fate.”
To this, as gave they their assent,
Responsive murmur widely went
From lip to lip of warrior band,
And all that hovered round the stand.
When as the groom his wedded kissed,
The Sachem bade the show dismissed.

And peaceful, orderly and still,
Each Sachem sought his domicile ;
For early in their history,
Few came to offer wily
The madening alcoholic fire,
To savage nations' ruin dire.

SKENANDO'S SPEECH,

When grieved at the sale of the Oneida Castle Ground
by the inveigled Chiefs, in 1815.

On the occasion of the announcement of the last sale of the Oneida lands, including the Castle—at which he was grieved, with many of his people—he gathered them together, and rising, said :—

“ This is a sad day for Oneida. Our eyes rain like the showers that roar in the tops of the trees of the wilderness. Our lands are sold. Where now are the children of the Rising Sun ? White men now kindle fires upon their graves. Children—sign no more papers. Papers are wicked things. Go to our missionary, ask him. He is straight.”

Sad day is this, for loved Oneida's weal—
Sad day for all who have a heart to feel.
Our eyes are clouds that o'er the forest roar,
And on the earth their gushing waters pour.
Our Castle-ground so anxiously retained,
Is alien now—shall never be regained.
Where are the children of the Rising Sun ?
Their lands are all by strangers overrun.
The white-man kindles fires upon their graves—
No place we own but what he greedy craves.
Alas ! our tribes are waning to a waste,
From earth their names will speedy be erased.
My children, guard ; nor give your signature
To wicked papers, written to allure
And rob. But to your christian teacher state
Your interest frank : He's true, and straight.

SPEECH OF SKENANDO,
At His 100th Year.

Speech in prose, as given me by the Reverend Mr. Jenkins, the missionary at Oneida, who took it down in short hand, which, in the original, was far more splendid :—

"I am an aged hemlock. I am dead at the top. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches. Why my Jesus keeps me here so long, I cannot conceive. Pray ye to him, that I may have patience to endure till my time may come."

On another occasion he said : "I want to die and be laid along aside my good minister Kirkland, that when he rises, I may go up with him in the resurrection."

I stand an aged hemlock in your sight ;
My top is dead, and turned to snowy white.
An hundred winter's winds have whistled thro'
My branches pending to the earth below.
My trunk is scarred by catamount and bear—
Beneath my root the wolf has made his lair.
My bark is hacked by hunter's tomahawk ;
My squaw is fallen by death's unsparing shock.
My trees coeval moulder on the ground,
Whilst nought but saplings compass me around.
Pray to the Lord my patience may endure—
May make my calling and election sure.
But tell my brothers, for I wish to know
Why Jesus keeps me here : I long to go,

And join my brethren, evermore to stand
A fadeless hemlock in the Spirit land.
But when I fall, by Kirkland's sacred tomb
Bury this trunk ; that when the call shall come—
With Kirkland's form my own may haply rise,
To mount with him above the azure skies.

Thus spake the chief,—'twas his centennial—
To white and red-man, waiting at his call.
What wonders can this priceless Gospel do,
That saves the white-man, turns the savage too ?

BURIAL OF SKENANDO.

Now at his wish, oft named before he died,
The chief and teacher slumber side by side.
On classic Clinton's undulating slope
Their ashes rest, where Heaven-aspiring Hope
Oft sits, serene, but lifts her cheerful eye,
And speaks their union 'neath a holier sky.
While Faith, firm leaning on the "Living Stone,"
Beholds them bowing low before the throne ;
Where millions saved, of every tribe and tongue,
Extol the Lamb with ever-during song.

A MODERN POCOHONTAS.

RESCUE OF JUDGE DEAN FROM THE TOMAHAWK.*

They lay him down on a grassy bed ;
 They call a council for the dead,
 And vengeful waxes the savage mood,
 —For white man shed the red-man's blood.
 And move, they, after grave debate,
 To enforce their law of ancient date ;
 “ Blood for blood,” is the fixed decree :
 —The shielded slayer roameth free ;
 Some pale-faced victim, in his stead,
 Must suffer vengeance for the dead.
 Who earliest, in adventurous hour,
 Shall place himself in Indian's power ;
 Or o'er Oneida's border walk—
 Stands victim for the tomahawk.
 —Anon, unwarned, a form is seen
 Athwart the line. Alas ! 'twas Dean,—

*Judge Dean was the Indians' friend, interpreter and defender, then living ten miles from Oneida. The murder of the Indian took place in a blacksmith's shop, where they had stopped to cook some fish they had caught.

The Indian's faithful, pale-faced friend.
Why him, should that Great Spirit send ?
—Again the tribe and chiefs' convene,
Where Skenando is foremost seen ;
The advocate of Dean confessed,—
And bold the council thus addressed :
“ You chiefs would not let go the bear
“ That spoils your corn : yet fail to spare
“ The big-horned buck that does no harm.
“ Who is more faithful friend, and warm
“ Than is our Muloh-qua-de-hah,*
“ Who has not broke our ancient law ?
“ Can't trap the wolf that kills your deer,
“ And therefore seize what happeneth near.
“ A squaw, whose son is dead and gone,
“ Has made him her adopted son.
“ He's one of us by our election ;
“ He therefore forms a fair exception.
“ By slaying him, we slay a friend—
“ It will the Mani-to† offend.”
But vain, thus argues Skenando ;
The chiefs believe that Mani-to

*Dean's Indian name, meaning The Rising Sun.

†Manito is the Indian name for the Great Spirit.

Shows Muloh-qua-de-ha,
The destined victim to their law.
—Again, but sad, the chiefs convoke
To name the brave to inflict the stroke.
And who of all could volunteer,
To smite a friend, so true, so dear ?
On Powlis fell the council vote,
A chieftain brave of honored note ;
Who twenty summer suns had stood,
The favored friend of Dean the good.
—And shall he quail—nor strike the blow?—
“ I, Powlis fail ? No ! chieftains,—no !
“ The Great Good Spirit bids me go—
“ That ancient statute I obey ;
“ This hand, the destined one shall slay.”
Then chose him two to aid, if need,
Or witness to the fated deed.
And he seizes the hatchet he used in the war,
And hies with his aids to the cottage afar ;
And the death-whoop is heard in the gloom of
the night—
The owl gives response as he wingeth his flight—
The victim is startled but not with affright.
Apprised of the pagans' enacted decree,

He *will* not resist them, nor cowardly flee.
He knows his disgrace if he ventures to fly ;
Apprises his wife his departure is nigh ;
The pagans shall see how a christian can die.
When the foot of the slayer is heard at the door,
And it opens to welcome the savage once more.
When a voice quite familiar saluteth his ear:
“ You ask for my name, and my business here—
“ ‘Tis Powlis. I come at Oneidas’ command
“ The blood of the murdered to take at your
hand.”
“ But Powlis : Why levy revenge upon *me* ?
“ And so let the guilty offender go free ?
“ And will the Great Spirit uphold and defend
“ The chieftain who slaughters his innocent
friend ?”
At the hint of their friendship the slayer delays ;
Emotions of tenderness dimly betrays—
Withdraws, with his comrades to counsel again ;
But the question to spare, is debated in vain ;
Returned,—he delivers his final reply :
“ The pale-faced has murdered—a pale-face *must*
die !”
—When quick, at the threshold, light footsteps
are heard ;

Two squaws venture in, and the blow is deferred.
“Forbear!” quoth the older, “strike not the
allied—

“The adopted of mine, for my son that has died.

“His claim of exemption is thereby implied.”

—But the force of her pleading, he fails to
discern;

The squaws’ intermeddling he ventures to spurn;

To yield to misgiving is womanish now—

And he lifted his hatchet to level the blow,

When quickly the matron a barrier stood,

With glittering knife upraised for his blood:

“Dare, Powlis, to smite, and our life-stream shall
flow

“With the blood of the victim who falls by the
blow.”

Astounded, the chief and his comrades withdraw;

And Dean is released from the claim of the law.

Heroic woman!—name unknown;

Thy rescue dread was nobly done!

Who planned the rescue none might know—

Conjecture names Old Skenando.

THE RURAL MAID,
OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

A TRUE STORY.

Just past sixteen, in rural school,
'Mid girls and boys, on bench and stool
Sat Hannah, with her book and slate,
To figure sums and calculate.

And, oft, to help her do the sum,
A slender form is seen to come ;
But why the teacher loves to stay,
He hardly knows and does not say.

For Hannah, reared in humble life
Was scarce appropriate for his wife.
A youth genteel, and college-bred,
Should not step lower down to wed.

But still, as daily she pursued
Her loved employ, he came, and stood ;

And came too oft for his repute—
A partial *master* would not suit.

So bade himself beware in future :
And seem the teacher not the suitor.
To teach to read and write and spell,
Good grammar parse, to cypher well.

And still, as wont, the pupil fair
Came in, and sat, and studied there ;
With simple home-spun garb arrayed,
Of woof, and warp, her hands had made.

And spite of pride and fancied worth ;
Of polish high and goodlier birth,
The rural girl was inly stealing
His smothered thought and muffled feeling.

Still livelier burns the flame within,
All to the observeless girl unseen ;
And yet it seems a grateful pain ;
To check it, would be all in vain.

And as his teaching term grew shorter,
He would it were another quarter ;
But no, he would not play the fool,
For pupil of a country school.

The term now closed, he sat him down
In office of a polished town,
To study deep and tumble o'er,
The weary page of legal lore.

Yet weekly went to ambulate
Adjacent where his pupils sate.
But ah!—he could not ponder why,
That nymph would ever meet his eye.

And, when at country hop, perchance,
His eye would spy her in the dance.
And sure, none in the student's sight,
Would trip more gracefully and light.

When older maidens named a ride,
The pupil had a seat inside ;
And if they asked—he told them why—
“He *liked* to have his pupil nigh.”

And weekly, in the House of prayer,
He caught his Hannah's presence there :
In short, the simple, artless maid,
Unwitting, crossed each promenade.

Thus passed the months quite happily,
And slid they onward rapidly ;
For Hannah now was past eighteen—
Improved in mind, in form, and mien.

Bethought him now, he'd condescend
To ask her for connubial friend.
So, sought the proper time to impart,
And tell dear Hannah all his heart.

Judge, tender swain, or maid, or dame,
(—If you have ever felt the same,)
That student's painful, rueful pother,
To find her spoken for another.

His heart assumed so sad a state,
It nearly ceased to palpitate.
Yet he had learned by his profession,
That claim obtains from long possession.

“ I had her mind to cultivate,
“ Long time when in her pupil state ;
“ In dance and rides I've had her hand,
“ She's held my heart at her command.”

He thought, from occupance like this,
The Law would make possession his.
He tried the cause, but poor his boot—
The rural girl dismissed his suit.

Bethought him now, he'd faithful try
The power of cool philosophy :
“Drive out her image from his mind,
“And other better subjects find.”

Yet, pondering o'er in long succession,
The authors of his choice profession ;
The image of that rural girl,
Would set his heart-strings all atwirl.

The fairest of the numerous fair,
With Hannah suffered poor compare.
In truth, he failed to quench the fire :
Nor would he *let* the flame expire.

So painful 'twas, and yet so sweet,
He could not study well nor eat.
He felt that pupil must comply,
Or Hannah's teacher sure would die.

He paled, and trembled o'er his book ;
Soft sleep at night, his brow forsook ;
Love's copious tears bedewed his pillow,
He felt so like a weeping willow.

Indeed, mayhap, he would have died,
If Hannah's heart had not complied.
He found, she did not love that other
At wish of mother, sister, brother.

Renewed his suit, that legal lover,
All pains and damage to recover.
And leave was given for his possession,
At future day—on fit occasion.

Say not, ye cold philosophising,
The love-lorn swain deserves despising ;
Nor boast that you could quench the flame,
Till you have felt the very same.

The minstrel might prolong his lay,
And sing the happy bridal day,
Her pious life, and peaceful death,
But nothing more the minstrel saith.

JOHN GILPIN OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY,
Or, Lord Neville on Wheels.

A TRUE ADVENTURE.

A lord from Britain's Royal Isle,
Dwelt out of town an English mile ;
And lived, and talked, and acted oddly,
As seemed nor blithe, nor wise, nor godly.

From rich co-heirs he hither fled
To save his gold and life, he said.
For kindred heirs this lord had many—
But had nor wife, nor children any.

One morn he came from his lonely hut
'Neath soiled hat, in thread-bare coat,
And hired a *thing* to hitch a horse on ;
Then went and said to a village parson :

“I purpose, sir, a country ride,
“For self alone—I've none beside—
“Have you a horse both true and clever,
“Which starts, nor kicks, nor runneth ever?”

"I've such a horse." "Well, then I'll hire,
"Tis just the pony I admire!"
So he hitched him to a neighbor's wagon,
Whose shafts no iron hold-backs had on.

And away they went o'er hill and dale,
To tell how went, my verse would fail;
But oft, when into valley dipping,
The shafts unstayed, shot forward, slipping.

With loops thus sliding on the thill,
They ran through Wales to Hamptonville,
But made short pause at famed Verona,
To rest and feed the fretted pony.

"Poor way," said he, "to play the lord,
"But better style, I can't afford;
"And much against my Noble feeling,
"Is *this* unenviable *wheeling*."

"I'll tax my skill and wit to search
"Why ride I thus with jerk and lurch."
But wit, saw nothing in the wag-on,
To hurry thus the gall-ed nag on.

So starts again to jerk and roll,
O'er causeway, hollow, bridge and knoll,
And gains—a little after fore-noon—
The nick-named ville, or town Mt. Vernon.

Thence leaving, ran they furious down
To Manchester, a factory town—
So named in reverent imitation,
Of one thus named i' the Mother Nation.

—At length came homeward, Dick and lord ;
Dick galled, and lathered and begored—
And as he felt himself the stronger,
Declared he'd bear the thumps no longer.

Resolved to use the speed of heels,
To rid himself of lord and wheels—
And meant to try the project thorough,
Down Bradley Hill to Whitestown borough.

'Twas training day, and the village green
Was thronged, and all the road between.
And midst their marching, fifing, drumming,
They spied the lord and pony coming.

When hasting down a steepy pitch,
The pony gave a powerful twitch,
And brought his lordship, *corpus totum*
From wagon seat to wagon bottom.

And there he sat in Royal state—
Horse running at a fearful rate ;
And said within: “ I fear disaster ;
“ The more I pull, he runs the faster.”

“ What ails the horse ? what ails the wheels ?
“ Con-tact with tail, and shank, and heels—
“ Why pony—why so awful speedy ?
“ Be steady sir, be steady—steady.”

But swifter still, became his speed !
—Was ever such unruly steed ?—
When off flew Neville’s wig and leghorn,
He had in all his later age worn.

“ Alas !” quoth he, “ I’m going down :
“ I’ve left my seat ; I’ve lost my crown ;
“ I’m down upon the very bottom—
“ Unruly horse and wagon—*rot ‘em.*”

In truth, his lordship suffered sore,
With haunches on the splintered floor ;
Approaching too, in wild disorder,
The gazing crowd and village border !

The “train-band captain” cries, “stand back !
“Retire, spectators : clear the track.
“That man, with horse is in a rage, or
“He runneth thus to win a wager.”

The train-band, quick as lightning, cleft—
Quick ope’d the crowd to right and left :
Swift thro’ went horse, and lord, and wagon,
Like Sancho chained to wing-ed dragon.

Aside, the promenaders sprang—
With plaudits loud, the village rang—
Of bawling boys—of boosy bodies,
Of loafers low, and roaring rowdies.

Around they flew from block to block,
Past corner, pillar, post and stock,
And stopped at home, at pony’s pleasure,
To leave the driver at his leisure.

And there, his lordship lowly sate,
With 'shevelled hair and balded pate;
And cried: "You've hired me nag unruly—
"I'd like to have lost my head, most truly.

"Just see, sir,—by a mighty pull
"He jerked me thus to vessel's hull.
"Hard work I had—*mirabile dictu*,
"The bottom of the hull to stick to."

Said Parson: "Pony's good, and true—
"The blame, if any, rests on you. [sir,
"You've rigged with neither catch nor hook,
"To stay the load—get out and look, sir.

"'Tis true," quoth he; "I see, I see,
"The blame and shame lie all on me.
"When next I ride, true as the Book sir,
"I'll mind the needful catch or hook, sir."

Thus some, in life's adventurous course,
Conduct as reckless and far worse—
Secure no safety hook to hitch on,
And rush to ruin and perdition.

A NIGHT RIDE ON THE ICE OF ONEIDA LAKE.

A HEART RENDING OCCURRENCE.

Some years ago, a company of young people crossed over in a sleigh, from the West to the East side of the lake, in pleasant and happy mood, little dreaming of the sorrowful sequel. They returned in the evening, during a gathering snow-storm, fell into a chasm, or seam in the ice, lost their horses and sleigh in the water, and barely escaped with their lives. Sowewhat wet and chilled, they sought their way to the western shore. Two of the party, a gentleman and lady, became separated from the rest, and being bewildered in the dark and storm of the night, lost their poroper course, walked round and round till the female wore her thin shoes to tatters, and then continued walking in her stocking feet, till she became chilled and exhausted, and sunk down at the root of some tree, once afloat and frozen in, and consented that her partner, whom I shall name Henry, should seek

the shore. Being now disencumbered of his precious charge, he, after some seeking, found the shore; entered a dwelling, and with help, bearing a lantern in his hand, returned to the once suffering girl, and found her beyond all further suffering—a corpse, stiffened by the freezing storm. The occurrence poured sorrow and mourning into the family of her relatives, and cast a continuous gloom far around the border of that beautiful water, now bridged with ice. The particulars were given me by a sister of the deceased, during my after missionary excursion upon its margin. The following is a soliloquy suggested by the event:

Soliloquy of a Female Perishing by Frost.

Haste, Henry, for help, for the chilled and the weary;

I wait thy return in the darkness so dreary;
To the shore of Oneida—Oh, fly! Oh, fly!—
'Tis hard to forbode, I must die; I must die.

Thou frost-wind: Why pour on thy victim thy fury;

From the home of the living, me cruelly hurry?

Thou Ruler of tempests, have pity on me, on
me—

From their wrath I appeal unto Thee, unto Thee.

I fancy I hear the dread wolf at his growling ;
Ah, no ! 'Tis the North-wind more pitiless
howling—

In the home I have left, in my glee, in my glee :
Is mother now dreaming of me, of me ?

Speed onward, my Henry, to the home of my
father,

Where loved ones around the warm hearth-stone
now gather—

Then back to my rescue, in haste, in haste ;
My life-tide is curdling, quite fast, quite fast.

O God of my father, to Thee I unburden—
Thy penitent hear ; thy suppliant pardon.
O hasten my Henry, return ere I die, I die—
Come—take my last kiss—my sigh, last sigh.

Now, rave ye wild winds, perform your endeavor,
From life and from friends, your victim to sever ;
Farewell, O, my mother, my father, farewell,
farewell :
'Tis well with your daughter, 'tis well, 'tis well.

“A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.”

On yon green steep, whose brow commands,
 Young Millstone’s little lazy flood,
 An aged widow’s mansion stands ;
 Dear to the pious and the good.

No child of malady or woe,
 Has tried her humble door in vain ;
 Nor stranger guest can well forego,
 To tread her rustic floor again.

But kindlier is her welcome given
 To those who love her Lord’s employ.
 Her Saviour and the bliss of Heaven
 Are all her talk, and all her joy.

To ease the burdened soul, and speed
 The prodigal’s return to God,
 Is her delight. She loves to lead
 Lost wanderers in the Heavenly road.

Quick as one loud halloo—is heard
 From Millstone’s distant grassy side,

Briskly her little boat is steered
Across the oft frequented tide.

Scarce do your feet her threshold gain,
Ere hearty greeting, “How’d ye’ do?”
And friendly smiles, and hands soft strain
Bespeak you loved, and welcome too.

Her apples, ready served, how sweet—
For these are tokens of her love ;
But *more*, her christian converse meet
All, tending to the world above.

Ah ! Soon I leave good Jersey’s soil,
And little Millstone’s slopy shore ;
And may not, in a little while,
Hear AUNT MARIA’s welcome more.

She, whom every christian loved and called
Aunt Maria, had fled to Heaven when the
author of the above next time crossed “Little
Millstone.” Her only son, whom she so often
prayed for when alive, was hopefully con-
verted by her death. She pleaded the cove-
nant of Abraham.

TO MR. DANIEL BERRIAN,

BRUSH MAKER, NEW-YORK,

ON PRESENTING ME WITH A CLOTHES BRUSH.

My thanks to friend Daniel, and praise to his wit
For sending the parson a present so fit.

Your brush was to hint,—if I know what you
mean—

Old bachelors wedded most commonly lean
To torpor of body; and need frequent rubbing.
Or sloven in habit, require a good scrubbing.
You meant to advise me, as preachers might
guess :

“Brush up your old sermons, and mend your
address.”

’Tis well you have chidden the dull missionary,
And brushed at the rust of the brain which I
carry.

But this is most plain sir, and worthy of note,
You thought by your bristles to touch my black
coat.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CENTENARIAN.

Patriot of an hundred years ;
Remnant of thy brave compeers ;
Patriarch, thou hast fallen now,
Victim of the “final foe.”
Trumpet voice, or cannon roar
Hear thou wilt not ever more.
Nor wil’t hazard more thy life,
In thy country’s martial strife.
Thou wast one of the “ minute men,”
Called by the war-note ‘gain and again ;
Warned by the frequent larum-drum,
Wife to leave and peaceful home ;
Quick away to the river shore,
Where fell thick the bullet shower ;
Where the naval men-of-war,
Sent their iron missiles far—
Desolating sea and strand :
Spreading woe through all the land.

Ah! we cannot well conceive,
What our fathers did to achieve
Freedom for an heritage
In that by-gone, battling age.
Veteran—now we lay thee down
In thy lowly mansion brown.
Ask we no posthumous glory
For the Christian father hoary.
Well thou 'duredst the Christian stife :
Thou shalt wear the "Crown of Life;"
Simple tombstone here shall rise,
Telling where our father lies—
Lieth till a brighter morn,
Wake him for a better bourne.
Mournful sighs and tears withhold ;
Peaceful died our father old.*

*The author's Father, Phineas Camp, whose remains lie in Whitestown Cemetery.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH NOT DARK.

During the last illness of CHARLOTTE BRADISH WELLS, she exclaimed: "I am going through the Dark Valley, but my Saviour's with me; it is not dark to me."*

I take my leave of all below :
I'm in the shady valley now.
'Tis no dark valley sure, to me,—
My Saviour's with me—"I am free
From foes that haunt this crowded way :
He is my shield, my strength, my stay.

This valley dark? 'Tis dark to none,
Save those who my dear Saviour shun ;
Who trod, himself this gloomy path,
Atoned for sin and conquered death ;
Made this dark passage safe and bright :
The upward road to realms of light.

Friends—*ye* must pass the valley too ;
Secure the light that guides *me* through.

Nor call this vale the way of night—
'Tis the blest path to realms of light.
'Tis no dark valley sure, to me,
My warefare ends,—“I'm free: I'm free.”

*Written at the request of Cornelia and S. Bradish, sisters of the deceased.

Died, at her residence, in the city of Utica, on the 25th of September, 1853, JOANNA CAMP, wife of John Bradish, Esq., aged 63 years.

Mrs. Bradish was, for 34 years, a consistent member of the First Presbyterian church of Utica. She was an exemplary model of a Christian housewife, a "mother at home," tenderly alive to the temporal, and especially to the spiritual interests of her family. As a wife, and a mother, "she was, indeed, a pattern of all that is most lovely in woman. It was her daily study to make her children happy, and to plant in their minds those beautiful attributes of virtue, which she herself so eminently possessed." "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Home cares prevented not the exercise of her kindly sympathy with the sick and afflicted around her; nor did she neglect to afford benevolent aid to the suffering abroad.

These qualities, eminently belonging to her, were highly prized by all who knew her, and for these they loved her. Besides a numerous family, she leaves to mourn for her a brother, one only remaining of eleven children of Phineas Camp, formerly of Durham, Conn., who died in his one hundredth year. Thus pass away the generations of earth.

THE LAST TIE BROKEN;

OR, THE LAST OF ALL TO HIS SISTER.

Thou hast left me sister, here alone to weep,
O'er all who called me brother! All now sleep.
Ten times the cord has rent, that held us bound

In loving brotherhood. 'Tis no more found.
'Twill snap no more. No sister's tears shall fall
O'er my cold cheek. For, "I am last of all."
Oh, had I taken but one more kiss of thee,
As when we met ! Oh, could I once more see
That look of thine, that lightened oft my heart !
Would I had heard thee say : "brother, we part
To meet again." I wasn't to see thee die :
To catch thy parting words—to close thine eye.
One treasured look from thee, would ease my
Would give my lonely spirit, some relief [grief—
From this sad thought that, I am last of all :
The last of those that filled my father's hall.
Twin-like in childhood's happy days we loved—
We loved still more, as life's car upward moved.
I trace the time, when pillow'd on one cot,
Our infant locks entwined. Nor have forgot—
In lamb-like playfulness, o'er hill and dale
We gambolled : peaceful, blitheful, hale.
How oft to school, I drew the ^{o'er} the snow,
And home-ward drew thee happy, quite, to know
Thou loved'st me more, than all the noisy throng
That shouted rudely, as we passed along.

Years passed—and thou wert wife, then mother,
midst a home
Of loving ones. And now the parting scene
has come ;
We've laid thee lowly there, where Autumn's
pale leaves fall—
Husband and children laid, and *I*,—the last of
all.

REPLY TO THE LAST OF ALL.

Lingering beneath those dark sepulchral trees,
Where aged hemlocks* whisper to the breeze :
I heard those moans of husband, children, all—
Where o'er my loved ones, Autumn's pale leaves
Complain no more—O weep not over me ; [fall.
From wasting dust, from sinful flesh, I'm free.
Weep with the Saviour over fallen men ;
Prepare, prepare : we soon shall meet again.
I go, I go : I hear the angels call ;
Rejoice, rejoice ; thou lone and last of all.

*Hemlocks shaded the place in the Utica Cemetery, at the time of the burial.

WRITTEN WHILE TRAVELLING AS A MISSIONARY.

Once climbing the summit that lifts his gray head,
 O'er Cattskill's famed village below,
 As petulant March was beginning to shed,
 Few smiles midst her tresses of snow.

A favorite warbler of varied note,
 Was cheerefully trilling his song ;
 Apparently trying the powers of his throat—
 Which winter had palsied so long.

I listened ; and fancied the theme of his lays,
 Was the welcome arrival of spring,
 The loves and the pleasures of sunnier days,
 And the goodness of nature's great King.

When quick o'er the mountain a tempest of snow,
 Poured chilly and gloomily down.
 Disappointed, the bird bade his strains cease to
 Till winter be broken and gone. [flow,
 'Tis thus with the Christain in his winter below ;
 His bright days are fitful and few ;
 He will sing with the birds mid the flurries of snow,
 But sweeter when winter is through.

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS DOG;

Or, A Panther-Conflict at the Head of the Mohawk.

Fort Stanwix, now called Rome, was early signalized, among other things, by the following pioneer adventure :—

Some years subsequent to the war of the Revolution, when its vicinity was still a forest, beautiful in its native scenery ; when the rivers and the creeks were shaded by the maple, the birch, the hemlock and the butternut ; when the pine and the cedar thickly studded the low-lands ; the bear, the deer, the elk and the wolf, still lingered there to feed, to howl and to make prey. Not then, as now, did the wolf-yell of the car-whistle startle you, but instead, the yell of the *real* wolf and panther.

On a pleasant morning of early autumn, (I think,) a Frenchman, somewhat anglicized, set off from Fort Stanwix with dog and gun, on an excursion for Rotterdam, situated on the shores of the Oneida Lake. His business was less that of hunting than other employ. He was a novice at hunting, and bore arms more for defence

than for game. He had not passed far into the unbroken forest, when he perceived, by the motion of his dog a little ahead of him, that some species of game was at hand. He approached still farther, when he spied, by the direction of Pomp's nose, a large creature; a something he could not name, a little beyond them on a tree, in the attitude of leaping; and in an instant saw him leap directly toward them, with evident intention to seize the master rather than the dog, who caught him beneath the jaws almost before he reached the ground; and as if by instinct stretched himself in a line with the beast, as if aware that the animal, could he reach him with his hind claws, would, like the common cat, disembowel him in an instant. At the same moment, nearly, the Frenchman pitched in, and being too near to shoot safely, seized him by the tail and stretched *himself* in line, also; and then it was pull against pull; or, as Rowland Hill once said, in Exeter Hall, yet on a very different occasion: "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together," —yet in a different direction. A ludicrous scene, indeed, if not too tragic to be called ludicrous. But they had none but the chippering birds and the chattering squirrels to laugh at them. Terrible was the conflict! No one could imagine how the leaves and the dust flew aside, and aft, and up-

wards by the claws of the monster. The master saw his dog must die if he let go, and the dog seemed to think the same of his master. His gun, in the strife, was thrown beyond his reach, and the animal was too strongly knit to be entailed, or *untailed*, or beheaded, by pulling. How long they would have pulled, none could predict ; but they *did* pull till the biped found a hemlock knot in the struggle, and with it, battered the rampart of his ribs, and made a breach in the walls, so that the enemy surrendered, but to receive no quarter. The assailant fell, at the teeth and hands of his antagonists, two against one. After resting a little to recruit their strength, the master shouldered the spoil, and returned to the fortress with his dog for his front guard ; astonishing the Romans with the matter, and manner of the achievement. The Frenchman could not yet name his captive. But it was a catamount, *alias* panther, of huge dimensions. From the history given, the dog received the highest praise, as having saved his master by his skilful manœuvring. It was probably thought, that no more daring exploit was performed by either Ganzevoort or Willet, during the seige by St. Ledger with his tory and Indian hordes. After this the Frenchman was found more frequently at the chase.

A year or more subsequent to this, he was on

his skates in pursuit of a deer on the slippery surface of Oneida, when falling into an air-hole, he became entangled by his skates and could not disengage himself; could barely hold up on the ice till help might arrive. But no human being was near. His dog missed him,—returned from his chase,—sought him by the scent of his feet, and found him thus entangled; seized his hat with his teeth; this coming off, he laid it down and then held him by his hair till he, by reaching his knife, in his pocket, cut loose from his skates and thus emerged from a winter grave, chilled and nearly exhausted. This sagacious and affectionate act added new lustre to the fame of Pomp. His praise was upon many tongues, and all eyes longed to have a sight at him; but none could buy or decoy him from his master. He was his best friend; and must lodge with him, eat with him, and visit with him. How many bears, wolves, deer, catamounts and coons they captured in their after excursions, history does not tell. The writer has, in his youth, seen a descendant of Pomp; and much prized was he. And many sought to obtain similar descendants,—and many such, peradventure, are now living. The prestige of the race was like that of the Bonaparte family, except that there was more humanity attached to it. But we must proceed

with the history of the two friends. Some few years after this, the master was seen descending one of the tributaries of the beautiful Oneida, as a passenger, on board of a batteau, the only craft then used between Albany and Oswego. The dog on the shore had chased a deer into the stream, before the boat. A boatman lifted his pole to smite the deer, it bounded forward and the blow fell upon the nose of the dog swimming behind him, and he sank to rise no more alive. Bitter was the cry of his friend and master : " You have killed my best friend,—a friend in time of need ; and now what shall I do ? I have none to protect from the beasts—to rescue me from the chilly waters; to cheer me in my solitary rambles and excursions." Nor was the master deprived of sympathy. All mourned the death of the affectionate Pomp; regretted his loss ; and a general lamentation was made throughout the new settlements, on the lake and the streams at the head of the Mohawk—some descending, and leading to the St. Lawrence ; others to the Hudson. The subsequent fate of the master, was, also, a melancholy one. Shortly after this, a canoe was found floating on the lake, containing his hat, and nothing else. He had fallen out and perished. No faithful Pomp was there to rescue him. Both found a similar grave, in the

same element on which they had sported and hunted ; not far divided in death.

The vicinity of Rome had, before this, been rendered famous for canine humanity and sagacity. It was here where Tray, as he was called in the Revolution, rescued the lieutenant, that was scalped by an Indian, from certain death, by running for help afar off—to some fishermen, whom he pulled by the pantaloons till they followed him to the place of the sufferer, leaning upon a dead companion, nearly exhausted with the loss of blood.

Great, now, the change of the scenery of the country round and near the head waters of the Mohawk, of Wood Creek and Fish Creek ; one through Oneida and Ontario and St. Lawrence to its gulf at the ocean ; the other through the Hudson to the ocean at New-York. Then the silver robed salmon journeyed up the river, through the lakes, up Wood Creek, beyond Rome. Art and navigation now shut them out. Also, the panther, the deer, and nearly all the wild animals herein named, are banished, with most of the noble forest trees that shaded them. The battlements of Stanwix have also disappeared, to give way to buildings for tasteful residences and busy trade. Oriskany battle-

ground, also, six miles down the Mohawk, has lost all of its wild and romantic aspect. The deer, the panther and the bear, no longer tread there among the relics of the war-chiefs. The forest has disappeared also, save a few stunted, low hemlocks and cedars. The log causeway is partially seen, embedded in the alluvial drift. The horn of the boatman, or cry of the driver on the "grand canal," is heard a little below it ; and the steam of the cars, a little farther down, startles the dairy cattle feeding over the ashes of the heroic dead. But Oriskany battle-field is now uninviting, to any who do not try to bring up remembrance of the past. Its romance is gone; and the poet can sing of it only in reference to the noble deeds of by-gone days. There is no poetry in the scenery, where roams now the dull cow to feed and produce material for the cheese-room, and the table of the epicure. While recently standing near the rivulet that was once stained by the blood of a soldier that saved his comrade, by warning him of the aim of an Indian behind a tree, I tried to realise the bloody tincture, but alas! there was too much mud there to be metamorphosed in colored gore. The wood-land scenery, of the whole valley of Mohawk, is gone. A few tufts and patches of trees are alone seen, from Schenectady to Rome,

to tell, faintly, what it once was. The Mohawk, woodded thickly down to its very brink, with Nature's great variety, was once beautiful, enchanting, *poetical*. The writer has now a clump of trees and shrubbery preserved,—just at the foot of the extreme eastern end of Oriskany hill, five miles from the battle-ground, shading a spring, issuing thence to supply his dwelling with water, pure as the Pierian spring,—containing thirteen varieties, on a space of ground five rods square. My readers will excuse, if I name them, being representatives of the primeval forests, so dear to my boyhood. The venerable hemlock, the beach, three kinds of cherry, three species of maple, the birch, the ash, the elm, the linden, or bass, the witch hazel, the witch hopple ; a few rods out, the dog-wood and the wild grape ; and he has, a little distance from this, the tulip tree, the black maple and the ground hemlock. Beautiful, romantic, heroic Valley ! what art thou now ? Dull with art and commerce, and prosaic navigation. Scenes of my boyhood—no longer youthful, but like myself, hoary and time-worn ! If pristine beauty may no more visit thee, yet may cruel war no more ravage thee.

A BEAR HUNT ON THE MOHAWK.

"Let a bear, robbed of her whelps, meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly."—PROV. 17: 12.

Judea, in her early occupancy by the Israelites, was much exposed to the ravages of the bear: as on one occasion, mentioned in II Kings, 2 chap.,—two of those beasts killed upwards of forty of the young railers of the streets. The Valley of the Mohawk, was, in early days, much thus exposed. Solomon had, doubtless, heard his valiant father tell his exploits with a bear, in his youth, which he slew, together with a lion: had, probably, himself met a bear robbed of her whelps, on which he founded his proverb; had, doubtless, also met bawling fools in the streets, as did the Prophet Elisha, when they said: "Go up, bald head, go up bald head;" despising his age, and his religion, and his God; and who suffered severe punishment for railing at the aged, as forbidden in Leviticus 19th, 32d: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man."

For the entertainment of the youth, especially, the writer records the case in which he "met a bear robbed of her whelps:"

It was early in the season of Autumn, when Indian corn began to develop its seared kernel, that, returning from driving the cows one morning, I crossed over a corner of a field a few rods from an adjacent wood, when I discovered traces of some animal in the corn, that I judged were those of the bear. It was a long time since any had appeared to re-kindled the hunter's fire. At some seasons, when the beech-nut and the blackberry were scarce, they would descend from the forest north of us, in numbers, and plunder the farmers's fields. Of the kind, two species were known, among us. One, lank and long-legged, very swift of foot, who would devour meat as well as corn ; the other, short-legged and bulky, who was entirely gramenivorous and fructiferous, who was often fat and edible. Of this latter species were those, now traced in the corn-field. On reporting the same to my father's family, a rally was made for a bear-hunt—in which rally, were three of my brothers. The well-known "bear-dog," Trump, was sent for, a mile distant. His master, also, keen for the chase, responded to the call. A swamp of hemlock and cedar, a mile up the Mohawk, where the bears usually hid themselves, was partially encircled by a cordon of men. My gun, a fowling-piece, which I had longed to honor with a shot, at some

visiting bruin, I had to surrender to an older brother, who was then present and gunless. As we passed on to the field of rencounter, I, with another, taller boy, was appointed to go and keep sentinel, on the bank of the river flanking the swamp, where the bears were known, when pursued, to cross at times, and escape. It was too far from any dwelling, to avail ourselves of gun, or pike, or pitchfork, for defence; and before we had time to cut us each a club, Trump had caught a scent of the track, and was giving canine music at intervals; and soon, in quick succession, denoting near approach and warm encounter. Immediately we heard human voices at a distance, and thereafter, report of a gun. At that time, it seems, the animals had been suddenly disturbed, or routed from their lair; proving to be a bear and two cubs—the former of whom, spying a brother of mine, also gunless, chased him up a small tree, unsuitable for bear-climbing, and who thus escaped encounter, and perhaps death. Had we known these circumstances at the time,—“a bear robbed of her whelps,”—we might have deserted our post. But a few moments passed, when we heard the faint yelping of the hound in the swamp, near by us, and instantly saw the shaggy creature bounding over log and hillock, with the yelping dog at her heels, nipping her at almost every jump. It is

the habit of the bear, when thus nipped, to fall backward upon the dog, seize him, hug him, and kill him by a crush and a bite (I once saw an unskillful dog thus killed); but Trump had learned to let go at the right time, and the bear had no alternative, but to run from her pursuer. At that time, I think my hair must have stood erect, as I was about to "meet a bear robbed of her whelps,"—she was coming out from the swamp to cross the river, where we stood defenceless. My comrade, older, and more brave than I, took off his hat and fell to swinging it, and shouting at the top of his voice, and I followed suit. It was as the shout of a small army going to battle. It was too terrible for Bruin; with dog at her heels—an enemy in front and in rear. She veered; turned from the river at a wide angle, re-entered the swamp unpursued, save by brave Trump; soon passed beyond our hearing, when the report of a gun, on the other side of the swamp, told the story of her fall. We traced the way slowly through the thicket, believing by the tokens, that the victory was won; found her under the knife of the Skinner, met the company, with their congratulations for our escape; as they expected by our outcry heard, that we had had fight and were wounded, and perhaps killed. Poor little cubs. I pittied them—now made orphans. They could not be

found. Had they escaped by running, Trump would have scented and followed; but they had, doubtless, according to instinct, climbed a hemlock and hid themselves in its branches, some distance from the place of their mother's slaughter. I afterwards felt glad at their escape; yet, perhaps, to starve in the wilderness.

Truly, it might be said: *This* was meeting a bear robbed of her whelps. Thus, we fulfilled the Scripture, unwittingly. The writer would query, whether Solomon had not been annoyed by the folly of noisy rowdies, or railers of the streets, who play the fool to gratify a passion for slylyism and vulgarity; who think it cunning to whistle and bawl themselves into notice—having little else worthy of notice—more to be pitied, however, than to be contemned; perhaps, ill-bred, or no-bred. It may be, that Solomon, before he came to the throne of Israel, had been annoyed, also, at midnight, by something like the modern “hornings” at weddings, and preferred the waul of the bear, to such beastly outrages upon good manners. Yet, it is uncertain, when and whence the custom arose. Perhaps, from the snort and wolf-howl of the steam horse. No such custom was rife, in the day above alluded to. Then, bear-hunts were so frequent, as that, in one season, near thirty bear-

skins, like trophies, adorned the different barns of the farmers. He has witnessed the slaughter of five bears, and seen three with cub, or cubs; and the slaying of one wolf. Joyous were those occasions, in the time of my youth! The fertilizing Mohawk, on whose stream the Indian paddled his canoe; and afterward, the boatman pushed and rowed his batteau—is now, through its whole length, stripped of a woody bordering; and the flanking slopes and hills, are also despoiled, in a measure, of their forest covering—so that the bear, and the deer, and the elk, are banished forever. Sad the remembrance! regretful the change—relieved only, from the thought that commerce and agriculture, are thereby promoted, and the skulking Indian will no more hide in the valley to murder and to take captives. Over this tract, Skenando—on a visit at the house of Thomas R. Gold, Esq., deceased,—stretched his tawny hand, and exclaimed: “All this, was once mine. The range of my tribe, and the place of their hunting.” Noble Chief! Thou dost not live to see thy tribe dispersed and wasted to a remnant, on a reservation at the west. But thy memory shall not rot! Thou wast one among a few, who embraced a Saviour’s invitation, and are now beyond the reach of the sordid white-man’s enticement—*Ruinous Rum-selling!*

THE SAGACIOUS HOG.

For the lovers of natural history, and to please the youthful reader, the following is inserted in the work:

Ps. 80TH CHAP. 13TH VERSE.

"THE BOAR OUT OF THE WOOD."

The animal here named, which runs wild in some portions of the world, and of which mention is but once made in the Bible, may be deemed unworthy of a place in a work mainly of Poetry. But Inspiration deemed it otherwise, for it has place in a work wholly of Poetry, viz: the Psalms of the "sweet Singer." Many have thought the beast to be too gross, dull and grovelling to look at, except on the agricultural list, and that the name sounds flat except connected with lard for cakes, and hams for the epicure. But it will be seen by the incidents following, that the hog deserves a name among the sagacious :—

Judge White the earliest pioneer settler in the Whitestown country, so called, and who gave name to a region comprising once nearly all Western New York, raised and drove in to the woods, as the earliest settlers have usually done, a large herd of swine to feed on the beech nuts,

which in early days so abounded, as to fit the hogs for the pork barrel. In a short time they became so attached to the forest, as to lodge out days and nights. But Bruin of the long legged, meat-devouring species, found it out, and seemed determined to have a slice out of the meat; so he suddenly made attack on the herd, having fixed his eye on a certain one, who he thought, might forthwith furnish him with a roaster or two. A passer-by in the woods saw this attack, and watched the movement. The hogs were ranged in a harrow form, triangular, with a large boar for their Major. Their bristles were all erected, as the bear made his appearance, and Major, with foaming mouth, would dart furiously at Bruin, with his huge tusks bared like a dirk drawn, and especially furious when he made a pitch at the teeming female. Many attacks and retreats did Bruin make boldly, notwithstanding the roar and warlike phalanx attitude of the bristlers. But after a while, seemingly disheartened and foiled, made off, when Major watching the opportunity, like a brave and gallant knight offered his services, and conducted the exposed female safely to the barn yard of his master, leaving his subalterns to guard and defend, as well as they could in his absence. But he soon returned, and like a good officer conducted de-

tachment after detachment from the main body to the farm yard, till they were at length, all safely brought off, and replaced in the care of their master. Wise, brave, compassionate and noble animal he was, and has raised the character of the same race, far above many that bear a higher name, even among the *hoggish*.

Swine have been, however, greatly admired and promoted by the princely. Two individuals of the royal family of the monarch of Owyhean group, made a hog their companion even in the same dormitory, and the chiefs would allow him to pervade their councils and attend their feasts. Youth may take a lesson from this occurrence, viz: to be polite and helpful to the weaker sex, and to yield help to all who are in danger. Many a youth and grown man behaves hoggishly, but it must be said in reference to hoggish hogs, and not to manly hogs, or in reference to those men that wallow in the mire of intemperance—that groan and squeal around liquor pools, where filthy conversation and profaneness most daringly sound from the impious tongue. In the caption, I said the name was not more than once found; but swine and sow are named, and the sow is mentioned to denote the licentious and the tavern haunter. But our Major was too manly for such comparison.

NOTE I.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE IROQUOIS, OR SIX NATIONS,

As originally drawn up by Judge Dean, the Indian interpreter, and furnished by his son, the late Judge Dean, of Utica :

An unlimited expanse of water once filled the space now occupied by the world we inhabit. Here was the abode of total darkness, which no ray of light ever penetrated. At this time the human family dwelt in a country situated in the upper regions of the air, abounding in everything conducive to the comfort and convenience of life. The forests were full of game ; the lakes and streams swarmed with fish and fowl, while the earth and fields spontaneously produced a profusion of vegetables for the use of man. An unclouded sun enlivened their days, and storms and tempests were unknown in that happy region. The inhabitants were strangers to death, and its harbingers, pain and disease ; while their minds were free from the corroding passions of jealousy, hatred, malice and revenge ; so that their state was perfectly happy.

At length, however, an event occurred, which interrupted their tranquility, and introduced care and anxiety, till then unknown. A certain youth was noticed to withdraw himself from the circle of their social amusements. The solitary recesses of the grove became his favorite walks ; care and chagrin were depicted in his countenance, and his body, from long abstinence, presented to the view of his friends, the mere skeleton of a man. Anxious solicitude in vain explored the cause of his grief ; until at length, debilitated both in body and mind, he yielded to the importunity of his associates, and promised to disclose the cause of his troubles, on condition that they would dig up by the roots, a certain white pine tree, lay him on his blanket by the margin of the hole, and seat his wife by his side. In a moment all hands were ready—the fatal tree was taken up by the roots, in doing which, the earth was

perforated, and a passage opened to the abyss below. The blanket was spread by the hole, the youth laid thereon, and his wife took her seat by his side. The multitude, eager to learn the cause of such strange, unusual conduct, pressed around, when on a sudden, to their horror and astonishment, he seized upon the woman, and precipitated her headlong into the regions of darkness below ; then rising from the ground, he informed the assembly that he had, for some time, suspected the chastity of his wife, and that having now disposed of the cause of his trouble, he should soon recover his usual health and vivacity.

All those amphibious animals which now inhabit this world, then roamed through the watery waste, to which, the woman in her fall, was descending. The Loon first discovered her coming, and called a council in haste, to prepare for her reception, observing, that the animal which approached was a human being, and that earth was indispensably necessary for her accommodation. The first subject of deliberation was, who should support the burden ? The Sea Bear first presented himself for a trial of his strength : instantly the other animals gathered around and scrambled up upon his back, while the bear, unable to support the weight, sunk beneath the surface of the water, and was judged by the whole assembly unequal to the task of supporting the earth. Several others, in succession, presented themselves as candidates for the honor, and with similar success. Last of all, the turtle modestly advanced, tendering his broad shell as the basis of the earth now about to be formed. The beasts then made trial of his strength to bear, heaping themselves upon his back ; and finding their united pressure unable to sink him below the surface, adjudged to him the honor of supporting the world.

A foundation being thus provided, the next subject of deliberation was, how to procure earth. It was concluded it must be obtained from the bottom of the sea. Several of the most expert divers went in quest of it, and uniformly floated up dead to the surface of the water. The mink at length undertook the dangerous plunge, and after a long absence, arose dead. By a critical examination, a small quantity of earth was discovered in one of his claws, which he had scratched from the bottom ; this being carefully preserved, was placed on the back of the turtle.

In the meantime the woman continued falling, and at length alighted on the turtle. The earth had already grown to the size

of a man's foot where she stood with one foot covering the other. Shortly she had room for both feet, and was soon able to sit down. The earth continued to expand, and soon formed a small island, skirted with willow and other aquatic shrubbery ; and at length, stretched out into a widely extended plain, interspersed with rivers and smaller streams, which, with gentle currents, moved forward their tributary waters to the ocean. She repaired to the sea shore, erected a habitation, and settled in her new abode.

Not long after, she became the mother of a daughter, and was supported by the spontaneous productions of the earth, until the child arrived to adult years. She was then solicited in marriage by several animals, changed into the forms of young men. The loon first presented himself as solicitor at the door of the hut, in the form of a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed young man.* After due consultation with the mother, his suit was rejected. Several others presented themselves, and were successively rejected by the mother ; until at length the turtle, with his short neck, humped back and bandy legs, offered himself as a suitor, and was received. After she had laid herself down to sleep, the turtle placed by her, two arrows in the form of a cross, one headed with flint, the other with the rough bark of a tree. She, in due time, became the mother of two sons, but died at their birth.

The grandmother, enraged at her daughter's death, resolved to destroy the children ; and taking them in her arms, threw them both into the sea. Scarcely had she reached her wigwam, when the children overtook her at the door. The experiment was several times repeated, but in vain. Discouraged by her ill success, she determined to let them live. Then dividing the corpse of her daughter into two parts, she threw them up towards the heavens, when the lower half became the sun, the upper the moon, which is the reason she has always presented the form of the human face. Then began the succession of day and night in our world.

The children speedily became men, and expert archers. The elder, whose name was Thauwiskalaw, had the arrow of the turtle pointed with flint, and killed with it, the largest beasts of the forest. The younger, whose name was Taulonghyauwangoon, had the arrow headed with bark. The former was, by his malignant

* Probably very much resembling, both in appearance and intellect, a modern dandy.—B.

disposition, and his skill and success in hunting, a favorite with his grandmother ; they lived in the midst of plenty, but would not permit the younger brother, whose arrow was insufficient to destroy anything larger than birds, to share in their abundance.

As this young man was one day wandering along the shore, he saw a bird perched upon a bough projecting over the water. He attempted to kill it, but his arrow, till that time unerring, flew wide of the mark, and sunk in the sea. He determined to recover it, and swimming to the place where it fell, plunged to the bottom. Here, to his astonishment, he found himself in a small cottage ; a venerable man who was sitting in it, received him with a smile of paternal complacency, and addressed him :—" My son I welcome you to the habitation of your father. To obtain this interview, I directed all the circumstances which conspired to bring you hither. Here is your arrow, and here is an ear of corn, which you will find pleasant and wholesome food. I have watched the unkindness, both of your grandmother and brother ; while he lives, the world can never be peopled ; you must therefore take his life. When you return home, you must traverse the whole earth, collect all the flints into heaps which you find, and hang up all the bucks' horns ; these are the only things of which your brother is afraid, or which can make any impression on his body, which is made of flint. They will furnish you with weapons always at hand, wherever he may direct his course."

Having received these, and other instructions from his father, the young man took his leave ; and returning again to the world, began, immediately, to obey his father's directions. This being done, the elder at length resolved on a hunting excursion. On their way to the hunting ground, he inquired of the younger, what were the objects of his greatest aversion ? He informed him there was nothing so terrific to him as beech boughs and bulrushes ; and inquired in turn of Thauwiskalaw what he most dreaded ? He answered, nothing so much as flint stones and bucks' horns, and that nothing else could injure him ; and that he had lately been much annoyed by meeting with them wherever he went. Having arrived at their place of destination, the archer went alone in quest of game, leaving the other to attend to the menial occupations of erecting his hut, and preparing such other accommodations as he required. After an absence of some time, he returned, exhausted with fatigue and hunger. Having taken a

hearty repast, prepared by his brother, he retired to his hut to sleep. When he had fallen into a profound slumber, the younger kindled a large fire at its entrance ; after a time he found himself extremely incommoded by the heat, and the flinty materials of his body, expanded by its intensity, were exploding in large scales from his carcass. In a great rage, and burning with a desire of revenge, he hastened to a neighboring beech, armed himself with a large bough, and returned to chastise and destroy his brother. Finding that his repeated and violent blows had no effect upon his brother, who pelted him incessantly with flint stones, and belabored him with bucks' horns, by which the flinty scales from his body fell in copious showers, he betook himself to a neighboring marsh, where he supplied himself with bundles of bulrushes, and returned to the contest, but with the same want of success. Finding himself deceived, and failing of his purpose, he sought safety in flight. As he fled, the earth trembled. A verdant plain, bounded by the distant ocean, lay before him ; behind him, the ground sunk in deep valleys and frightful chasms, or rose into lofty mountains and stupendous precipices. The streams ceased to roll in silence, and bursting their barriers, poured down the cliffs in cataracts, or foamed through their rocky channels to the ocean.

The younger brother followed the fugitive with vigorous step, and wounded him continually with his weapons. At length, in a far distant region, beyond the savannahs of the south-west, he breathed his last, and loaded the earth with his flinty form.*

The great enemy of the turtle being destroyed, they came up out of the ground in the human form, and for some time multiplied in peace, and spread extensively over its surface. [The Oneidas show the precise spot where they say their ancestors came up.]

The grandmother, roused to furious resentment for the loss of her darling son, resolved to be avenged. For many days successively she caused the rain to descend from the clouds in torrents, until the whole surface of the earth, and even the highest mountains, were covered. The inhabitants fled to their canoes, and escaped the impending destruction. The disappointed grandmother then caused the rains to cease, and the waters to subside ; the inhabitants returned to their former dwellings. She then determined to

*Supposed, by the Indians, to make the lofty range of the Rocky Mountains.

effect her purpose in another manner, and covered the earth with a deluge of snow. To escape this new evil, they betook themselves to their snow shoes, and thus eluded her vengeance. Chagrined, at length, by these disappointments, she gave up the hope of destroying the whole human race at once, and determined to wreak her revenge upon them in a manner which, although less violent, should be more efficacious. Accordingly, she has ever since been employed in gratifying her malignant disposition, by inflicting upon mankind all the various evils which are suffered in this present world. Taulonghyauwangoon, on the other hand, displays the infinite benevolence of his nature, by bestowing on the human race, the blessings they enjoy ; all of which, flow from his bountiful providence. [The name, literally translated, is, the holder, or supporter of the heavens. This is the being, who, in Indian speeches, by a corrupt translation, is called the Great Spirit or Good Spirit.]

NOTE II.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY OF THE PAGAN.

Given the author by CORNELIUS CUSICK, Sachem of the Tuscaroras.

The camp is in readiness for the Bride and Bridegroom, and the surrounding ground of the wigwam is prepared and made clean; the pots and kettles are laid aside, and the ashes are swept clean from the hearth, and we now spread the robes of the bear, wolf and deer. A yell is now heard, which beckons the party to approach, the reply of readiness is now given; the whoop is heard; they now approach at a distance, but by solemn steps, led by the Sachems of the party—immediately are following the Bride and the Bridegroom, all decked in the finest feathers of the birds of the forest. The young warriors following in their train, all decked with their sparkling jewelry. The party now arrives—the Bride and the Groom are requested to sit. The Bridegroom now sits down—the Bride now follows his movement. They now sit back to back. Warrior, you have chosen your mate. You now vow to treat her with tenderness and care! (He signifies his assent by a bow.) Warrior!—Provide your wigwam with all the necessaries of life. Keep in abundance the meat of the Buffalo, the Deer and the Elk, and continue your kindness through life. In the name of the brave, you take this solemn vow! Remember, that if you violate this sacred vow, the tomahawk is your fate!

You, woman! have selected this warrior from amongst the braves. Do you accept him as your protector? (She gives a token of assent.) Be kind and faithful! Stand by him in the hour of trouble, and above all keep your wigwam sacred! Remember, if you violate this sacred vow, the tomahawk is your fate!



PART II.

POEMS ON SCENES IN PALESTINE.

ORIGIN OF POETRY,

PARTICULARLY THAT OF THE HEBREW.

A comprehensive and distinctive definition of Poetry, is very difficult, if not impossible to give. It may be denominated, The Art of pleasing, by harmonious numbers, those whom we desire to benefit. Many, styled poets, seem to have no other motive than to please, at any moral cost. But they are not nature's true poets. They do not copy after the great Original. They are not the children of the INSPIRER. The boundary, betwixt poetry and prose, cannot always be defined. They sometimes seem to amalgamate and run into each other. We oft-times hear, or read prose, that we are forced to call poetical. But poetry is mostly distinguished from prose, by a rythm, or harmonious numbers,

regularly returning, or nearly so,—sometimes arranged in the form of parallelisms and antitheses, as in the Hebrew writings, and is generally characterized by more imagery and hyperbole than prose.

The learned and philosophic Lord Bacon, observes: “Poetry seems to endow human nature with that which lies beyond the power of history, and to gratify the mind with the shadow of things, when the substance cannot be had. * * * * cheers and refreshes it; exhibiting things uncommon and varied, and full of vicissitude. As, therefore, poetry contributes, not only to pleasure, but to magnanimity and morals; it is deservedly supposed to participate, in some good measure, of divine inspiration.” This, he says, especially of epic poetry. How much more emphatically might he have asserted it of the lyric, the didactic, and the ode kinds. What distinguished geniuses has it employed, or as some would say—constituted, in both ancient and modern times! Too much importance has not been, and perhaps, cannot be ascribed to it, since it has been ascertained, that about one-third of the Inspired Word is poetry, in the original Hebrew tongue. God has, therefore, by inspiring acts, stamped it with value inestimable. True poetry, therefore, dignifies the

poetic man, as it makes him God-like, in a certain sense. True poetry ought, therefore, to be pure, sanctified, elevating, ennobling, renovating, saving. So it is in the Bible. Where it is otherwise, it is bastard and adulterated, and should be otherwise named. Here, perhaps, is the proper place to inquire, as to the origin of the Art. It has been maintained that, although man may have first *spoken* in prose, yet the earliest *writings*, or compositions of the heathen nations, were poetic. Among the Greeks, it is allowed to have been so. Their first compositions seem to have been songs, or ballads. If the Book of Job was the first book written, as by many, (and by the author,) it is believed to be,—then poetry is older than prose; for that book is, evidently, a poem of a dramatic character.

The Author of, and the Father of Poetry, is God, and not Homer, as is asserted. God the Author, not by creative act simply,—that which constructs the poetic intellect,—but as producer of poetry itself, and biassing the mind by inspiration, to *write* in poetic style. The voice that spake from the whirlwind to Job and his friends, spake poetry, and that of the sublimest kind. The ideas and the *language* were God's. They were above human power to conceive, or to
M

express. It is the sublimity of God, expressed. Man recorded it, but God delivered it. May we not then safely aver, God to be a poet, and the first of poets; the Exemplar of the art. This will appear further, when we ascertain that the tendency of the spirit of prophecy, is to produce poetry. All the prophecy of the Old Testament, with trifling exception, is uttered in this style. Were all the prophets natural poets? It would be presumption to assert it. Then it pleases God to speak in this style; for the prophets "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." To prove that the prophecies were poetry, we would say, they have all the characteristics of poetry, save rythm, or harmonious numbers; and this rythm, good scholars conclude, has been lost by changes in the accent, and pronunciation of the language by modern Jews. The writings abound in what are called parallelisms and antitheses, which are exclusive attributes of poetry—such as the following. Psalm ii: 34:—

1. Let us break their bands asunder
And cast away their cords from us.
2. He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh.
The Lord shall have them in derision.

Here, the idea expressed in the first line in

each verse, is extended to the second line in language synonymous—in a parallel form.

As a specimen of the antithesis, take Prov. x : 1, 7 :—

A wise son maketh a glad father :
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.
The memory of the just is blest :
But the name of the wicked shall rot.

Here, wise and foolish, and blest and rot, are antitheses to each other,—i. e., set one over against the other, as opposite to each.

That sacred poetry is inspired, and that God is its author, I would refer to a few cases. Neither Isaac nor Jacob appears to be a natural poet: yet under inspiration, they utter poetry. The latter, in Gen. 49, prophesying of Judah's future condition, says :—

Binding his foal unto the vine,
And his ass's colt unto the choice vine ;
He washed his garments in wine,
And his clothes in the blood of grapes.

This is poetic imagery, and even in the English translation, is almost poetic harmony, and contains a beautiful parallel.

These, then, being the acknowledged attri-

butes of poetry, together with the easy, harmonious flow and imagery, which a good ear and eye can distinguish, even now, in the Hebrew writings—we shall be led to the conclusion above made, that God inspires the spirit and letter of poetry. For further proof, let us notice the fact, that several personages in the New Testament age, utter poetic prophecy; or prophecy in poetry. Zacharias,* at the birth of John, his son, as soon as his miraculous dumbness is removed, breaks forth into poetic strains:—

He hath visited and redeemed his people:
He hath raised up an horn of salvation.

So, also, Elizabeth, his wife, by the Holy Spirit, exclaims:—

Blessed art thou among women:
And blessed the fruit of thy womb.

So Mary, under the same influence:—

He hath filled the hungry with good things:
And the rich he hath sent empty away.

And Simeon, alike influenced, exclaims:—

A light to lighten the Gentiles:
And the glory of thy people Israel.

* Luke i: 1.

The angels, at the birth of the Saviour, break forth and sing a prophetic song, as it were, fresh from the land of poetry, even heaven; inspired, doubtless, by the same spirit. The wicked king, Saul, when moved by the Inspirer, spake impromptu in poetry; so that it was said, “Is Saul also among the prophets?” So the deceitful Balaam is constrained to utter poetic prophecy concerning Jacob, then present, and the future prosperity of the nation, in very beautiful strains:

How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?
How shall I defy whom God hath not defied?
For from the top of the rocks I see him,
And from the hills I behold him.

These were doubtless pronounced in regular poetic numbers before the Hebrew accent and pronunciation were lost or perverted by the points of Masorites.

Now it would be presumptuous to assert that they wrote or spoke as natural poets, the thoughts alone having been inspired. There is no evidence that Zacharias, Elizabeth, Mary and Simeon were poets like David, but as soon as inspired, they speak poetry. Does not the Holy Spirit then inspire or dictate poetic language and direct the angels to speak in such language? I cannot avoid the conclusion that it was so. God, therefore,

has a taste or relish for such ; *makes* poetry, is a poet in his nature ; is the father of poets, is the first poet, and poetry originates in Him, and was born, as it were, in heaven. Dignified then is the employment of the legitimate bard. How happy to have been like David, who was both natural and inspired poet ! I do not hold that every good natural poet of modern time is *sacredly* inspired, but that his genius is of God's special creation—making God the author.

Hebrew poetry is divided by writers into Didactic, Lyric, Prophetic and Parabolic. Of the didactic kind is the 119th Psalm and 51st Psalm. They are designed to teach and instruct. The scriptures abound in this style. Hence Paul exhorts in Col. iii. 16, “Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. David’s poetry is chiefly lyric, designed for devotional praise. Proverbs are parabolic—are sentences, designed to affect and move and persuade by short sayings, antithesis comparison and hyperbole. Of the prophetic class, specimens have already been given.

Noble and valuable then is poesy. God indites it, Heaven uses it, the Bible is (one-third) composed of it. Christ sang it with his disciples at the close of the first sacramental service. Angels

also use it when they descend to earth and when they reascend ; and the speech of heaven, as far as revealed, partakes largely of that element, leading us to the conclusion that when we reach that happy place (which, through grace, may all my readers attain) we shall all be practical poets. Is not heaven itself the *truth*, not the fiction, of *poetry* ? Let me, in conclusion, observe that this style of writing is rising in estimation. We can not have a social or conventional gathering without its introduction. In every jubilee we must have it. College Commencement is jejune without it. And could we worship the Great Inspirer well without it ? It breathes in the Sanctuary, it talks by our fireside, in our Sabbath schools, and must preside at the piano, or that instrument tinkles to no purpose. So valuable have poetic compositions been estimated that a certain monarch said, “ Let me make the ballads of a nation and I can revolutionize it.”

This short treatise is written rather for the unlearned reader than for the sage and scholar, who mainly know all these facts, and to remind the reader of the Bible, that he is a reader of poetry when he peruses Solomon, David, Job and the Prophets.

POETRY ORIGINATED IN HEAVEN.

"THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER"—Job xxxviii: 7.

Sweet Poesy of birth Divine,
Was born in holy heaven;
Her glowing speech and living line
On the Jasper walls are graven.

The Father owns her rapturous sway,
Angels adoring serve her,
And tune her ever-flowing lay
To songs of melting fervor.

To shepherds tented on the plains,
For Christ in Bethlehem's manger,
The angels chant her noblest strains,
To announce the heavenly stranger.

She breathed upon the Prophet's ears
Of Judah's favored nation,
And downward through successive years,
They sang by inspiration.

On youthful David's lyral string
She placed her glowing finger,
And ever-during numbers ring,
From the hand of Israel's singer.

And late in Evangelic days,
When Watts takes up the lyre,
Say not that poets' moving lays
Have not that Living Fire.

From Him who gave a heavenly birth
To that poetic spirit,
May bards unnumbered here on earth
That heavenly fire inherit.

In blissful ages yet to be,
Where sin invadeth never,
In Heaven shall sing sweet Poesy
Forever, and forever.

THE OVERTHROW OF SODOM.

On the plains of rich Mamre, in Hebron of old,
 'Midst his herds and his flocks, of a number un-
 told ;

As at noon, in the door of his humble abode,
 The Patriarch sat in contemplative mood,—
 A trio of angels attracted his gaze,
 And he ran to salute them with reverent grace ;
 And brought them to sit and dine at his board,
 And gave them the best which his hand could
 afford.

But little, as they ate his fare,
 Were Abram and his spouse aware,
 While to their guests thus hospit-able,
 They feasted angels at their table.
 But let us not in skeptic mood,
 Query how angels eat our food ;
 Nor doubt if by creative skill,
 God can imbody them at will :
 Nor once indulge the low conceit
 That angels human senses cheat ;

Seeming to be of form material,
While truly, formless and ethereal.
But 'neath the shade, as Abram stood,
Grave converse with his guests ensued,
For angels can in cases meet,
Both walk and talk—as well as eat—
One of the three—a wondrous One,
(God's own anticipated Son,) Revealed himself Divine, and spake :
“This covenant with you I make—
“Sarah, thy wife, shall have an heir ;
“Believe the marvel I declare.”
—Ye dames of modern age, could you,
As listening Sarah dared to do,
Laugh at the priceless promise given
By God's ambassador, from Heaven ?
Could doubt the power, dispute the will
Of God to work a miracle,
And give the childless spouse a son
When o'er maternal period gone ?
But marvel, listening dames, ye may,
That she mendaciously should say,
I did not laugh—should thus deny,
When heavenly guests were sitting by.

What though she saw with human ken,
And took them to be only men,
Her folly she could ill conceal
From One who can all thoughts reveal :
Great marvel, too, she was forgiven,
And made an honored one of Heaven.

Finished their meal and their repose,
The angel visitants arose,
And turned their eye and shaped their way,
Where Sodom's distant region lay.
Conducted by good Abram's hand,
They journeyed toward the guilty land.
One of the trio paused, and stood,
And spake, revealed as Abram's God :
“Behold ! thou knowest that city, where
“Thy brother Lot and kindred are ?
“That Sodom, God will overthrow,
“’Tis fitting thou shouldst timely know ;
“I go its wickedness to prove—
“Bruited as great in Heaven above.”
Saith Abram : “Mercy is thy delight,
“Shall not the Lord of all do right ?
“O, listen to the plea I make,
“Spare it for fifty righteous' sake !”

“I grant,” the angel said, “thy prayer
“If fifty righteous souls be there.
“Should forty such the city have?”
“For forty, I the city save.”
“If thirty righteous bless the land?”
“For thirty’s sake the place shall stand.”
“For twenty let my prayer be heard.”
“For twenty righteous souls ’tis spared.”
“And now, O grant my final plea,
“If in that city ten should be?”
“If in it I but ten can find,
“I’ll grant thy prayer,” the Lord rejoined.
“We cease—I urge my journey down,
“To search the ill-reputed town,
“Whose tale of guilt, by angels given,
“Hath waxen loud, and mov’d all Heaven.”
He said ; and on his mission went,
While Abram turned and sought his tent.

The sun o’er the mountains had gently gone down,
When Lot out of Sodom came sad and alone ;
And vexed in his spirit, sat down at the gate,
And thought on his case, and repented—too late,
His choice of removal to Sodomah’s vale.

O'er his household corrupted, compelled to bewail—

His daughters involved in the vice of the town ;
Their conscience polluted and stupid his own—
When clear to his vision two strangers draw
Tho' verily angels, yet men they appear ; [near.
Whom gravely saluting, he welcomed to share
A lodge in his dwelling, a feast on his fare.
And kindly persuading drew forth from the street,
From the Sodomites' gaze to his quiet retreat.

Nor passed the beauteous guests unseen,
A lecherous throng with purpose mean,
Gathered and pressed hard on the door,
Bidding old Lot, with clamorous roar,
“Resign the strangers to their lust.”
(O, shame abominable and curst !)
Refusing whom, they vow to kill
Lot, the opposer of their will ;
Whom, (rescuing Lot with angel might,)
They smote with total loss of sight,
And forced the rabble, great and small,
To grope their passage by the wall.

Base Sodomah, now thou hadst filled up thy cup,
Thy days of probation were numbers quite up;

The invisible Searcher had entered to see,
And found but one righteous abiding in thee.

'Twas morn—and the sun came forth in his glory,
The towers of the city gleamed bright in his rays :
Not a swain or fair maiden, nor youthful nor
hoary,

Dreamed aught that Jehovah had numbered
their days—

Nor Admah, Gomorrah, Zeboim nor Zoar,
Foreboded the day they should revel no more,
Nor leave one survivor their fate to deplore.

“Up, up!” was the cry of the angels to Lot,
“Go tell all thy kindred, and linger you not,
“Jehovah hath sent us your place to destroy!”
He went—and they laughed at his crazy employ ;
There moved not a son-in-law, daughter—not one,
But bade their old father to “let them alone,
“And back to his meddlesome guests to be gone.”
Thus impious scoffers now mock at our Lord—
Thus treat his ambassadors, preaching his word.

But while they linger at their call,
(The husband, spouse, two daughters—all,
A half-believing trembling band,)

The gentle angels seize their hand,
And lead them hastily along
Thro' crowded streets and gateway strong ;
When he who searched the city through,
Immanuel great rejoined the two,
And pointed their way to the mountain brow,
Safe from the threatened storm below,
And bade them for their life to flee—
Nor turn their lingering eye to see—
Nor pause upon the accursed plain,
Lest they be numbered with the slain,
Whom Lot entreating as the Lord,
Besought with supplicating word—
“ Not to yon mountain, lest we die,
“ To Bela’s city let us fly ;
“ ’Tis little, see !—too small to share
“ Thy coming judgment. That now spare.”
I grant thy prayer, Immanuel said,
Let Bela stand till ye are sped.
In future, Bela too, shall fall ;
These guilty towns, I’ve doom’d them all.
Haste, haste, ye now, I cannot do
This work till I have sheltered you.
They fled. But, lo ! the mother fell ;

She turned and loathed to bid farewell
To Sodom vile, when death ensued.
And she, transformed, a pillar stood,
A form bituminous of salt,
Dread monument of reckless fault !

The hour had come. Immanuel waved his hand,
Jehovah saw it—angels, at his command,
Flew quick, and thunders muttered their reply ;
Tempests awaiting, veiled the blushing sky—
Lightnings awoke and flash'd their sympathy ;
Dull Earthquake heard and rumbled her assent :
Volcano roused, her crusted craters rent—
Fierce Whirlwind came, and bore an angel form,
Terrific Leader of the brooding storm !
And hell, deep mustering, upward sent his fiends,
To shriek their requiems with the whistling winds !
Birds with affright, and beasts instinctive fled ;
And forests waived in token of their dread.
Now starting from his couch, to lounge no more,
The astounded reveler quakes and trembles sore !
The adulterer, adulteress, and the idolater ;
The bibler, gambler, thief and murderer,
In terror feel, a God of vengeance near !

The defilers of mankind, that sightless crew,
By angels struck, still grope the city through.
The king of Sodom trembles on his throne—
Consults his counselors ; counsel they have none :
He seeks his gods—his gods are overthrown ;—
But, hark ! what means that simultaneous cry ?
All Sodom now forebodes her destiny. [fly !
Through her dark streets red bolts of lightning
And gleaming meteors burst upon their heads :
Volcanic streams pour upward from their beds ;
And earthquakes from their fiery flood beneath,
Through opening mouths sulphureous vapors
breathe ;
Which touched by sparks electric blaze and burn,
And with red cinders mingling, earthward turn,
And pour on man and dwelling, tower and spire,
From God in Heaven, a withering rain of fire !
Ah, hear that wail ! The Sodomites expire !
And all that thought, and breathed, and sported
on the plain—
Admah, Gomorrah, Zeboim, are all slain—
To curse, to rail, to revel not again.
Thus just and true and righteous is our God ;
Who makes the wicked feel his direful rod :

Who sits sole sovereign on his awful throne—
Whose depth of wisdom man hath never known ;
Whose views of sin are keener than our own !
But, see ! what frightened fugitives are those ?
With daughters twain an aged father goes ;
Forth from yon city where he sought repose.

Sad remnant they forlorn and poor,
Yet monument of sparing love—
Their fortunes lost, their friends no more,
They seek the mountain pass above.
Behind them rolls the burning surge ;
The earth dissolves beneath their feet—
And as they reach the mountain verge,
The plain becomes a fiery sheet,
And, lo ! their refuge city Zoar,
Sinks down to shelter them no more.

—Sad day for Lot. Thro' eager love of gain ;
He chose the rich but sin-pervaded plain :
Then changed the shepherd's for a city life,
And ruined fortune, children and his wife !

But mark on the hill-side good Abram again ;
Young morn has awaked him from a pillow of
care,

To gaze with emotion on Jordan's wide plain—
To inquire how the angel had dealt with his prayer.

Alas! with a groan of lament he beheld,
The soil of his brother's adoption no more ;
The cities were buried—their occupants fled,
The plain was a lake and the mountain its shore.

A smoke like the cloud of a furnace outpouring,
Rose dark o'er the valley, once fertile and fair ;
The fate of old Lot and his friends now deplored,
Not one, he exclaims, at request of my prayer?

But lo!—a cloudy chariot looming,
Fraught with tokens bright and cheer :
Abram, thy angel friends are coming—
They come to banish doubt and fear.

They speak thy prayerful wish is given ;
Lot has survived and not alone :
But guilty great, in sight of Heaven,
Sodom the vile is overthrown.

Querists—do you doubt the story ?
Visit Sodoma's briny lake—
Mark the signs that rise before you ;
There the faithful witness take.

Note the remnants of volcano,
Bordering on the Asphaltic tide ;
Ruined cities rise to gain you,
Gain your faith—your doubts decide.

Read the Saviour's witness added,
“ As it was in Sodom's fall ; ” [wedded,
“ They bought, they sold, they built, they
“ But fire from Heaven consumed them all.”

Turn not back from your profession ;
Remember Lot's presumptuous wife :
Read his note of that occasion—
Skeptic read and cease thy strife.

More lenient at the Grand Occasion,
Shall be the doom of Sodom's race,
Than fate of all of every nation,
Who know, oppose, and hate his grace.

Tho' milder be her condemnation,
Still she feels Jehovah's ire ;
'Tis written in his Revelation,
Sodom endures eternal fire.

Mark the dread asseveration !
Weigh it reader—weigh it well ;
Art thou in this condemnation ?
Turn—repent—there is a hell !

CHRIST AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS.

They gathered round the brother's rural grave,
 The marble slab lay closely on the cave :
 Unseal the stone, the weeping Saviour said :
 The stone removed revealed the sleeping dead.
 Oh ! what a varying, wondering group was here,
 Angels and men and fiends and He whom devils
 fear.

O could we mortals see, as Christ the Omniscient
 One,

Jehovah's burning, sparkless eye, broad beaming
 down,

Watching the plan unfolding to prove his high
 design,

To show to faithless man the Saviour was divine :
 Could we but see—Ah ! who could see this God
 and live,

Yet seeing, who to man the painting true can give?
 The world, the Heavens, the infernals, and the
 Creator God,

The Holy Ghost, spectators here, where the Re-
 deemer stood.

He gravely stood, majestic, lowly, meek, [cheek,
The tears of sympathy still coursing down his
He inly groaned, then raised to Heaven his eye,
While Heaven responded to his heaving sigh.

“Father!” he said, “I thank thy holy name;
“I raise this prayer to show from whom I came,
“I know thou hear’st me alway—let these see
“I have commission, power, and all from thee.”

Then bending low, with mighty voice he said:
“Lazarus, come forth! forsake thy rocky bed!”
—Wonder ye heavens, and thou inferior earth!
The dead, the sheeted Lazarus came forth!

What joy, what awe possessed the varied crowd!
Again he spake: “Unbind the shroud,
“And let the imprisoned death-bound captive go.
“Ye sorrowing sisters; as I said—I do,
“Your much loved Lazarus, I restore to you.”

Then, with the waiting twelve, the Lord withdr.^w
—Meekly the three to their loved home retiring;
Mutely the wondering crowd dispersed admiring:
The angel visitants returned to Heaven adoring;
The hosts of hell abashed sank down deploring!

—O Earth, adore this Saviour, wonderful and
good— [God!

And own he loved, and spake, and acted as a

JACOB AND ESAU.

"JACOB HAVE I LOVED, BUT ESAU HAVE I HATED."—Rom. ix. 13.

Isaac was old, and blind, and partial too,
And petted a son—as oft the aged do.
Esau, my son, he called—and Esau came—
Go to the field, I want a little game ;
Take now thy quiver, seize thy pliant bow ;
(They had no rifles then as hunters now ;)
Take me some venison—I'm an aged man,
May leave you soon, make all the haste you can ;
For while I taste the savory food I love,
I've something for thee—a blessing from above !
Unworthy Esau, grovelling and low,
Had fixed his heart on pleasures here below ;
He once had sold, and cunning Jacob bought
His princely birthright, for a thing of nought ;
For one choice meal to glut his appetite—
Reckless exchanged his primogenial right.
Jehovah saw, and knew the wily plan,

To turn the blessing to another man :
His was the purpose, ere the world begun,
To give the blessing to the younger son.
Esau was hated, and deserved to be ;
Jacob was loved, though far from faultless he.
Unwise Rebekah, far too worldly wise,
Beguiled *her* favorite son to seize the prize—
Clad him in Esau's garb, and on his skin
Put furs of goats, and sent him slyly in,
To ape the hairy Esau—Jacob's brother,
And turn the proffered blessing to another.
Isaac was duped, and gave the youngest son
The gift he purposed for the elder one.
Alas ! our race with innocence unblest ;
Sin yet pervades the wisest and the best.
Esau compliant with his father's wish, [dish ;
Went forth, and caught, and brought the savory
But found, alas ! the promised blessing gone,
And wept as wretched, ruined and undone !
And cried, "My father ! is there not one more,
" One equal blessing for *thy* son in store ?
Who, trembling, said : (he saw the high decree,)
I've called him blest—and blessed shall he be ;
There is a gift—a minor boon for you :

“Fatness of earth, enriched with softening dew;”
To Esau’s race mere earthly wealth is given—
To Jacob’s seed inheritance in heaven;
In Jacob’s line shall all the earth be blest:
In Christ, his Son, the righteous shall have rest.
—Blame not the Author of the wise decree,
But man alone, accountable and free.

“He Hangeth the Earth upon nothing.”

JOB xxvi: 7.

Afar, afar, beyond the date of days;
When none but angels sang their Maker’s praise.
The great Eternal, infinite I Am,
The Self-existent, whence all beings came,
Took seat amidst the universal world,
And saw, upon his azure sheet unfurled,
A space appropriate for another sphere,
From comet, sun, and planet orbit clear;
And purpose took to place a circle there,
And hang a world out ’mid the shoreless air:
So on the Kalends of Eternity,
Fore-named and fixed a certain cycle day,
Bade angels, seraphs, cherubim to note
The date thereon, his faithful fingers wrote;
And after ages numberless unrolled,
Arrived at length the era he foretold.
And then again, He assumed the starry throne,
Nor sat alone. His uncreated Son
Sat on his right; the equal Lord confessed:

To share his glory—utter his behest !
Now at His word, the summons wide is given,
When forth there come, from portals bright of
Heaven,
Its countless hosts and stand in circles round.
He spake, and echo bore the grateful sound
From sphere to sphere, through all creation's
bound :
“ Stand forth from nought, another sun-lit world !
“ And be it in appropriate orbit whirled :
“ The future home of creatures rational—
“ Brought into being at their Maker's call ! ”
It came ; obedient to the mandate given,
And hung on nothing 'mid the lights of heaven ;
Angels assumed the deed upon their tongue,
And to the listening stars their anthems sung :
While harps symphonious swelled the music high,
And thrilled the worlds with rapturous min-
strelsy !

And yearly now, forbid not bard to say,
The angels fill the starry orchestra,
And to their Maker sing the wondrous birth
Of this, our beauteous year-revolving earth.

“AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT.”

MATT. XXV: 10.

“HE THAT SHUTTETH AND NO MAN OPENETH.”—Rev. iv: 7.

There is a royal door and hinged with gold,
 Which none on earth can fasten or unfold ;
 Open to pilgrims known of heavenly birth,
 But closed to all the groveling ones of earth ;
 There is a Mighty One, to whom is given
 All power on earth—and all in glorious Heaven,
 Who, tho' once rich, tho' high and nobly born,
 Chose to be poor on earth, despised, forlorn ;
 To win us wealth unsearchable, and bliss :
 To gain us life unending, gave up *his*—
 Conquered grim death, the grave, and led
 Captivity released from Satan's thralldom dread.
 This is the Builder, Keeper of the door,
 That opens now,—soon shuts to ope no more !
 —And who on earth shall venture to gainsay ?
 To force the door that guards the Heavenly way?
 Who dare proclaim the door shall ope for all,

That hate, despise and disbelieve the call ?
Once shut against thy feet, against thy cry—
Thy joys must end, thy hope forever die ;
Thou shalt lift up thy burning eyes in hell,
In vain to Abraham thy condition tell—
'Twixt him and thee a moveless gulf is placed,
Which never *has* been, never *can* be passed.
Thus shut from Heaven, thus in hell confined,
O, woe untold ! O, misery undefined !
No strains of psalmody, no voice of prayer,
Nor stirring speech of minister is there ;
No friend shall cheer thee in thy drear abode,
Nor group attend thee to the house of God :
Nor to thy cheerless, ever-during home,
Shall Holy Ghost or bleeding Jesus come.
Beset with hypocrites, and unbelieving men,*
Murderers and thieves, adulterers, unclean,†
Drunkards and liars,‡ scoffers most profane,
Oppressors and covetous, abominable and vain ;

* Matt. xxiv: 51. " Shall appoint his portion with hypocrites and unbelievers: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

† Rev. xxii: 15. " For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters."

‡ Rev. xxi: 8. " But . . . the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, * * * and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

Thy tyrant Satan, who his victim binds,
Consigned to tortures by malignant fiends,
The undying worm still knowing thee within,
Conscience full roused, reproaching thee for sin.

He that once opened now shutteth up the door,
And thou'l return nor ask admittance more ;
Thus shut from Heaven, thus in hell confined,
O, woe untold ! O, misery undefined !

GREEKS SEEKING JESUS.

"THEN CAME CERTAIN GREEKS AND SAID TO PHILIP OF BETH-SAIDA, SIRS, WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

To Philip of Bethsaida
A band of Grecians spake
With hearts sincere and ready,
A high request to make.

There is in circulation,
And wide the tidings spread,
You have in Judah's nation
A power to raise the dead.

And, sirs, 'twould greatly please us
To see with our own eyes,
This wonder-working Jesus
In whom this virtue lies.

This power to cure diseases,
Restore the deaf, the blind,
The troubled spirit eases,
And frees the tortured mind.

We want to *hear* this Teacher
Who shows the unerring way,
Whereby each fallen creature
Can find eternal day.

We need this wise Physician
On whom the wretched call,
Of every sad condition,
And he relieves them all.

And has he made provision,
Ye friends of Jesus, say,
To save the blinded Grecian
From sin's destructive sway ?

Yes,—Welcome to this Jesus,
Gentiles of every name,
From all our sins he frees us
And hides our guilty shame.

And, what can more delight us,
There is prepared a place
Where Jesus will admit us
To see Him face to face.

COME YE TO THE MARRIAGE.

A wedding—rare, Inspiring theme,
For *all* of weddings talk, or dream,
Has been foretold for future day—
What time hereafter none can say ;
And matter marvelous to know,
The bride is chosen from below.
And He to whom the bride is given,
Is heir of all—on earth—in Heaven,
And, wondrous truth to be recited,
Meanest of mortals are invited,
And in the splendid nuptial hall,
Sufficient room is found for all.
Yet *all* the bidden are not expected—
And all the called are not accepted ;
The door stands open night and day,
And all prepared to enter—may :
Yet none are known to enter in,
But chosen of Heaven and born again.
Through my inspired perspective glass,
I saw the royal wedding pass—

The Bridegroom comes with grand procession,
With lamps denoting fair profession ;
And while the pearly door is turning,
They enter in with lamps all burning—
The spacious hall is thronged with guests,
My eye upon the Bridegroom rests.
But e'er the nuptial scene is o'er,
I hear loud rapping at the door,
Large trains of would-be guests appear ;
The Bridegroom's voice within I hear,
“Depart presumptuous, I know you not,
“Your lamps have long ago gone out.
“The door of Heaven shall never turn
“For those who have no oil to burn.”

JOHN IN VISION.

I saw in vision, Heaven open wide
Her pearly gate, and forth there came a tide
Of rapturous music poured from harps of gold,
With voices loud of multitudes untold, [blood,
Praising the Lamb who bought them with his
And for their sakes the crimsoned winepress trod:
I saw within a glittering emerald throne,
And One who sat in majesty thereon,
And by him stood the wounded Lamb of God,
And lowly there the ransomed millions bowed;
Of every nation, kindred, people, tongue,
And to the two their equal praises sung:
Clothed with their blood-washed robes, they cry
aloud,
“Salvation to Him enthroned, the mighty God;
“Salvation to the Lamb, alike enthroned,
“Who bore our sins and for our guilt atoned.”
When, lo! around the throne the angelic throng
Gathered, and bowed, and poured their joyous
song,

Crying, "Amen ! Blessing and praise in Heaven,
" Wisdom and glory, might and thanks be given,
" Honor and praise, and equal majesty,
" To God and to the Lamb forever be!"
So spake all Heaven, and so let all that live,
Homage to Christ as to the Father give.

VISIT OF MOSES AND ELIAS FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH.

Matt. xvii: 1. Mark ix: 2. Luke ix: 28.

The Muse compliant with the Book Divine,
Assumes to sing of favored Palestine,
Of angel visits from their native skies,
To warn the reckless—bless the good and wise.
—Twas when Immanuel dwelt his term on earth,
That King of Glory, Prince of Heavenly birth,
The Father summoned to his peaceful throne,
Two happy spirits ransomed by his Son :
“ Fly, Gabriel, to the mansions* of the seers,
“ And hither bring two saints of by-gone years !
“ Meek Moses, leader of my Israel,
“ Elijah bold, and faithful to foretell.”
—The message in the angel bosom burned,
So swift he went, but leisurely returned ;
For with him came the earth-born prophets
named,
Once famed below, but more in Heaven famed ;

* “ In my Father’s house are many mansions.”—John xiv: 2.

Low bent their forms before the Eternal One—
Low fell their crowns before the gilded throne,
“Go now,” he said, “to yon rebellious earth,
“Where Christ, my Son, hath gained a lowly
birth :

“As sought by Him, I now commission you,
“To hold with Him a needed interview ;
“The place assigned is on a mountain brow,
“His advent thither will the spot pre-show.”
—The high behest they readily obey,
And joyful earthward wend their downward way ;
Nor burdened felt, nor deem’d the task enforced,
But cheerful sped and lovingly discoursed.
Most grand their errand, honored their employ !
Heightening their love and perfecting their joy.

—Their sage discourse, while on their starry way,
The Muse assumes, and labors to convey,
Thus meekly Moses to Elijah spake :
“Sublime the journey we are called to make—
“The task too great for Gabriel to perform,
“Assigned to you and me—a moth, a worm—
“A mission rare, and like the parties, great !
“From God, the Father, to the Incar-nate.

“ Were not, 'tis true, Messiah speaks as man,
“ Counsels and feels as none but mortals can—
“ Our words were useless, and our wisdom
naught.

“ Who treats with God, or spans his mighty
thought ?

“ He is the ‘ Shiloh’ of the Almighty God ;
“ He is the ‘ Root of Jesse’—He the ‘ Rod,’
“ ’Tis He, who on his shoulders freely bears
“ The woes of all, and therefore wisely shares,
“ The nature, passions, weaknesses of all ;
“ And saves the lost that heed his gracious call.
“ The mighty God, the Wonderful, Everlasting
One :

“ The Counselor, and Prince appointed to atone ;
“ The Mediator—God, as well as man—
“ The Priest and Prophet of the Glorious Plan.”

To whom Elijah answered in accord :
(Revering great the Penman of that Word,
Proclaim’d on Sinai by the mouth of God ;
Who led his people through the parting flood ;
Who from the rock drew water with his rod,
And by the guiding of an Unseen Hand,
Found them a rest in Canaan’s promised land.) .

“He is that Prophet, greater far than thou,
“In Him the types have their fulfillment now :
“He is the end, the antitype of all,
“Ordained to raise the ruins of the Fall :
“He is that Lamb we anciently foresaw—
“The soul and substance of the ritual law ;
“The second Adam of our fallen race,
“And we alike are debtors to his grace.
“O, joy untold, this Lamb of God to meet !
“I crave the hour we place us at his feet.”

Thus sweet communed these delegates of Heaven,
Thus bore the embassy, God himself had given ;
So wrapt their thoughts by ministry so great,
Of scheme sublime—of Heaven’s Potentate—
They noticed slight the measureless array,
Of glorious worlds that throng’d their downward
way—

Of suns on suns that lighted, glow’d, and burned ;
Systems unknown that round their centers turn’d,
Upheld by Him, who early placed them there,
And Him the object of their mission rare.
Ah ! how could souls with such an Infinite,
In speech confer or hold covention fit ?

For spirits they, could better spirits know,
Than when incased in bodies here below—
Could clearer see the Deity in man,
Than gross-imbodied sinful mortals can ;
The one, with body spiritually arrayed—
The other's form on Pisgah's mountain laid.*
Now in their speed they reach our guilty world,
Which spared in mercy, still in orbit whirled,
Now catch a glimpse of Tabor's shady brow ;
Now mark four Hebrews climb the mountain
slow—

Their leader, grave, majestic, meek in mien,
With eye upraised to watch the mountain scene,
And guiding thither kindly, wearily,
The admiring, wondering, trusting three ;
And gain they soon the fore-appointed grove,
And rest them there in nature's cool alcove.
'Twas such a grove as suited well the scene,
Where Heaven with earth-born stoops to inter-
vene—

Where oak and cypress bend their reverent
boughs,
And shady cedars stand in natural rows ;

* Moses was disembodied; Elijah probably spiritually imbodyed, not to mortals visible.

Where verdant carpets clothed the circle-space,
And floral beauties graceful interlace,
There mountain birds of varied hue and wing,
Miraculous sweet their choral anthems sing;*
The noisy winds are lulled to breezes soft,
Bright clouds expand their drapery aloft;
But when Messiah thither bends his way,
The cheerful songsters check their melody—
The breezes cease, and pause the whispering firs,
Nor aught of man or animal bestirs.
For lowly bent with importunity,
He utters prayer with his selected three—
Peter, and James, and his beloved John,
Bow down in grave and cordial unison,
And long, and earnestly, and tearful there,
He lifted up at intervals his prayer;
Till tired, his brethren sank in slumber down,
And left their Lord to supplicate alone.
Meanwhile the prophets, still invisible,
Draw near and seek their mission to fulfill,

* Tabor is a conical mountain on the south side of the plain Esdrael—wooded on the sides with fir, oak and cypress and other trees, clothed with verdure, is frequented by various and numerous birds—partridges were seen thereon, and a wild boar. On the top there is a plain of some small extent, and the people speak of the ruins of three buildings, held to be those of three tabernacles—of Moses, Elias and Christ. It was once more wooded, and is of tedious ascent.—*By a Traveler from Oneida County, N. Y.*

His prayer they hear, behold the prostrate four,
And their Redeemer silently adore ;
When quick they find, astonishing the view !
Their spirits clothed in human flesh anew ;
More beauteous far, and dazzling, and bright,
Than comets circled with their halo-light ;
But far more sheen and splendid the array,
Of Him who bent in fervency to pray :
No sun at noon more gloriously bright,
Than seemed His visage to the prophets' sight !
Then while around the gathered angels wait,
And devils lurk in jealousy and hate,
The Saviour bids the visitors from Heaven
Unfold the message by Jehovah given ;
Meanwhile awoke the wearied, sleeping three,
To mark amazed, the glorious scenery ;
The glory—such as pleading Moses saw,*
When on the Mount he penned the sacred law,
Immanuel's raiment glittered as the snow,
Beneath the moon's or sun's meridian glow ;
While beaming far around his reverend head,
A wondrous halo dazzling radiance shed :
No mortal eye had seen such brilliancy—

* Exodus xxxiii: 18. "I beseech thee, show me thy glory."

No mortal hand could paint the radiancy,
That clothed the trees, the plants, the flowers—
The slopes, the vales and Tabor's lofty towers.
When thus began the oldest of the sent,
(As lowly at the Saviour's feet they bent,) "We wait the bidding of the Incar-nate,
"We give reply to what thy lips shall state."
"I asked," he said, "your heavenly mission here,
"For my disciples' sake, now standing near.
"Twas fit they saw the sight they now behold,
"That they may publish confident and bold,
"My future messages to fallen men.
"To know the dead are found alive again—
"That God is not mere Sovereign of the dead ;
"Shall raise the nations from their dusty bed.
"To know in part by what they hear and see,
"That Heaven is true, and who in Heaven shall
"To learn I die for faithless Israel ; [be.
"I came on earth that mission to fulfill,
"That in Golgotha yield I up my life—
"My work accomplish, end my mortal strife."
When seer Elijah gave him grave reply,
As o'er the land he cast reproving eye,
"How deep, how high, how broad the guiltiness

“ Of fallen Judah, of our rebellious race !
“ Yet if Jehovah can a way devise
“ By which Messiah suffers not, nor dies,
“ Great were our joy. If it be possible,
“ Drink not the cup. O, let it be thy will.”
To whom replied the chosen Nazarene :
“ My wish and will I readily resign,
“ To HIM who reigns—has wisdom to devise.
“ I yield myself a bleeding sacrifice.
“ My Father’s will, I purpose shall be done,
“ His will is mine—our purposes are one ;
“ The plan ordained I’m destined to fulfill,
“ And came on earth to do my Father’s will.”
Much more they spake, yet unrevealed to man,
So deep, so wise, no living soul could span ;
They stood before the Gallileans’ gaze,
All visible and audible to their amaze,
Stood Heaven’s specimen brought down to them,
True denizens of New Jerusalem,
When closed their conference, suddenly there
came
A voice from Heaven, the voice of the “ I Am,”
Full heard, “ This is my well beloved Son.”
Him hear, disciples, heed the Incarnate One !

A brilliant cloud and ominous passed o'er—
The seers were gone, were audible no more.
—So astounding strange, so rapturous the scene,
The attendants vaguely pondered what had been ;
So high entranced was Peter's throbbing heart,
He prayed the Lord he would not hence depart.
To bid them build a dwelling for each seer,
And one for Christ ; 'twas blessed to be here :
To hold communion with the saints above,
Was all he wished, could covet well, or love.
Forth from the Mount earth's delegates descend,
The seers, from Heaven, their further journey
Agreed, they visit old Jerusalem, [wend;
But nought there saw, but tended to its shame :
They passed o'er Pisgah, Moses' lofty stand,
Where erst he stood to view the promised land ;
They cast on Carmel happy glance or two,
Where brave Elijah Baal's prophet slew,
Where long he plead for fertilizing rain,
And showers refreshed the famish'd earth again.
They sped to Horeb, where Elijah fled,
And where desponding, timidly he hid ;
Where Moses quaked, but resolutely stood,
And graved on stone the precepts of a God ;

They viewed the rock where living waters gush'd;
They ranged the sea where Pharaoh's armies
rushed—

They swept o'er Egypt's Heaven-blighted coast,
And marked its glory desolate and lost;
Then high toward Heaven pursued their spangled
way,

And glad emerged to realms of perfect day;
Where joyous welcome countless hosts in bliss,
The reverend seers; receive with ecstacies,
The thrilling statement of their interview
With God's own Son, and of the faithful few
That heard and truly loved their glorious Lord,
And gave adherence to the saving Word.

And may not bard in consonance conclude,
Apostles, seers, saints in beatitude,
Have often come—may come quite often now,
To this poor earth to learn what mortals do ?

Beauty is Vain and Favor is Deceitful.

This is a youthful production slightly amended.

Beauty's like the painted toy,
In hands of silly girl or boy:
Awhile the trifle pleases well,
But when its gloss begins to shell,
Aside the useless thing is thrown,
No more sought, no more known.
'Tis like the fragile fading flower,
'Twill blush and wither in an hour.
Like glass, with vivid colors fine,
The brittle thing will flash and shine ;
But the slightest thump will crack it,
And an accident may break it ;
A simple malady may scar it :
Corroding care is sure to mar it :
Innumerable things conspire to rend it,
So art can poorly cure or mend it ;
But *Virtue*, daughter of the skies,
Far brighter glows and never dies !

ODE TO MARCH.

Written in 1855, or '6, when March was remarkably stormy.

Oh, squally March, ill-boding name,
 By thee fierce storms keep marching on :
 No marvel we, weak souls, exclaim,
 " Oh, when will noisy March be gone ? "

Rightly, grim Mars their god adoring,
 The warlike Romans named thee thus ;
 For like old Mars thou'rt ever roaring—
 Art getting up some noisy fuss.

How hast thou swept o'er hill and valley,
 Cast up therein thy snow redoubt,
 And sent around thy legions squally,
 As if to call our forces out.

Ill fitted thou to be the leader,
 In Spring's delightful maiden train ;
 And she, I think, will well consider,
 Before she lets thee lead again.

OUR NATION'S GLORY.

Wake! land of the Puritan, aspire to thy glory,
 The sin-fettered nations deliverance implore ;
 Inspired by the lessons inscribed in thy story,
 Arise to their rescue and linger no more.

Thou'rt called to encounter the giants of error,
 To sunder the chains that environ the mind—
 To banish idolatry, tyranny, terror ;
 To pour Heaven's light on the eye of the blind.

Go forth with thy legions—thy sons and thy
 daughters,
 Whose souls have been lighted at Charity's flame ;
 Wage war on the Foe that bewilders and slaug-
 ters,
 And conquer the world in Immanuel's name !

But wash from thy mantle foul inebriation,
 And rid thy escutcheon of the blood of the slave ;
 And waste not for conquest the strength of the
 nation,
 But pour out thy bounty to enlighten and save.

Then true shall the stripes thy broad banner
adorning,
Bespeak thee endued with bright Truth from
above—
Thy stripes shall betoken the streaks of thy morn-
ing,
Encircling the world with thy light and thy love.

O, land of the pilgrims ! aspire to thy glory,
'Tis thine to go forth in thy freedom and might ;
To tell of achievements inscribed in thy story,
And flood with effulgence the regions of night.

TO MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

'Twas well to clothe in Fiction's pleasing dress,
 The wrongs Oppression shudders to confess ;
 To spread to human gaze the wide world o'er,
 The pictured canvass red with bondman's gore.
 Well pleased, we trace the well wrought drama
 through,

And would the painting were not mainly true :
 Enough, fair Artist, dip no more thy pen,
 In crimson flowing from the Negro's vein. [oil,
 Stripes for the Church may prove an healthful
 Yet laid too broad they may the lecture spoil—
 We move amendment to thy well-told tale,
 Say—Hosts in Israel have not bowed to Baal.
 Nor shall they bow. There is a power that sways
 The sceptre over all ; whose thoughts and ways
 Are not as ours : who wisely suffers now,
 And will ere long the proud oppressor bow.
 Or bowing not, will hear the cry of blood,
 The groaning prisoner loose, and with his rod
 The slayer slay ; and let the oppressed go free,
 And give to all the boon of liberty.
 Thus speaks the Word, and let the Church com-
 It shall, in time, to meet the prophesy ; [ply,
 Tho' Church instructors warp the Christian creed,
 And, blind themselves, the blinded ones mislead.

THE CHIVALRIC CHIEF.

Written at the time of Brook's outrage.

Stung to the quick by Freedom's speech,
A conclave met resolved to impeach
The scathing speaker,—keen to reprove,
Those boasting patriots wanting love
To country, and to their own kind,
Venders of human flesh and mind.
Amidst their clique a brave one spoke :
“ Have we no power to check or choke,
“ That prating, grating, lying fool,
“ Of Abolition’s hateful school ?
“ My friends and comrades Democratic,
“ So true as I’m no stale fanatic,
“ And sure as I e’er whipped a nigger—
“ Though Sumner be a little bigger—
“ I’ll wield an argument of *power* :
“ I’ll take him in unguarded hour—
“ Nor tap, but smite him to the floor,
“ Nor heed his cry—nor mind his roar.

“ ‘Tis chivalric, you know, and all the South,
“ Will sound my praise with open mouth,
“ Blow upon blow—(we know they need em,)
“ I’ll give these babbling imps of Freedom!
“ Freedom they talk—*they* ought to serve,
“ And we to rule, who well deserve
“ To hold the reins—we’ve held them long;
“ And mind ye, friends, we’ll twist them strong
“ On Whig and dough-faced! They shall know,
“ What our best reasoners clearly show—
“ ‘That part of Adam’s race are born
“ To enslave the weaker and forlorn.
“ And, mind ye, let them croak and cackle,
“ We’ll bind *them* too with thong and shackle:
“ And who’ve so good a right to rule,
“ As *we*, long taught in Freedom’s school?
“ We—bold asserters of OUR rights,
“ The foremost in our country’s fights—
“ To life, and happiness, and liberty,
“ Have we not rights exclusively?
“ And whites, who madly misbehave,
“ We’ll take occasion to enslave;
“ And let them *mind* their step and stroke,
“ Or they *shall* wear the nigger’s yoke.

“And now, as sure as I am Brooks,
“Lend me, of gutta cane or crooks,
“One, fit to split a nigger’s head.
“I’ll smite him either dumb or dead.
“He beat my Uncle in debate,
“I’ll beat his Abolition pate.
“And if he prove not far too stout,
“I’ll crush the hated poison out.”
“Bravo!” the listening conclave cried,
You’ll find us waiting at your side.”

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Encouraged we meet,
And are happy to greet,
With voice and with hand,
Our Temperance band.
Our cause, it is glorious,
 And noble its end—
We shall be victorious,
 For God is our friend.

Enlisted we fight
With a monster of might,
Who strews o'er the plain
His millions of slain—
 Who flings desolation,
 And dire lamentation,
O'er every clime.

We war not for blood,
But we strive with the good,

To rescue our race
From vassalage base,
To snatch the sore wounded,
 From shame and the grave,
From misery unbounded—
 The drunkard to save.

Go, Temperance men,
With the pledge of the pen,
Deal blow upon blow
On the odious foe ;
And hold on entreating
 The pledge of the hand,
Till the monster retreating,
 Abandon our land.

TEMPERANCE JUBILEE SONG.

Written formerly, but altered afterwards, to suit the passing of
the Prohibitory Law by the Legislature of the State of New York.

Hark ! the joyous shout exulting,
 We have fought and won the day ;
Hence, to Temperance men resulting,
 Hope to inspire us on the way,
With the Maine Law, with the Maine Law,
 Hope for Temperance' final sway.

For continued battle muster,
Freemen of the Empire State !
Heed ye not the foeman's bluster,
Meet them still with hope elate ;
Still pursuing, still pursuing,
Crush the object of your hate.

Landlords, brewers, rum-distillers,
Scatter now your tattered bands—
Brandy bibbers, whisky swillers,
Red with rage, with bloody hands ;
No more rally ! No more rally !
At King Alcohol's commands.

Shall that bloated king of horrors,
With his minions longer boast ?
Riot on the drunkard's sorrows,
Fatten at the poor man's cost ?
With your veto, with your veto,
Shut the monster from your coast.

Shall the reckless, greedy vender,
Rogues and paupers multiply ?

Rob our purse of lawful tender ?
Tax us for their own supply ?
With the Maine Law, with the Maine Law,
All their craft and rage defy.

Let the trump and harp be sounded—
Thankful praise employ the tongue ;
Kindred of the slain and wounded,
Dry your tears and swell the song.
To the captive, to the captive,
Shout deliverance loud and long.

TEMPERANCE SAPPHIC.

Offspring of the noble,
Choicest of creation,
Who with toil and trouble,
Founded our nation ;
Lo ! a foe ignoble,
Makes sad invasion.

Wide o'er land and water,
Hosts on hosts obey her :
Scarce one son or daughter,

Lured by the Betrayer,
'Scapes the shameful slaughter,
Of the vile Slayer.

Red inebriation
On her forehead blazes,
“Wine of fornication,”
Her adherents crazes ;
Liquor fermentation
Reddens their faces.

Lo ! the liquor vender,
For his “filthy lucre,”
Plays the shameful pander ;
While to gain a voter,
Demagogues defend her,
Acting her suitor.

Wake ! O, noble nation,
Vanquish the vile invader ;
At each liquor station,
Drain the pools that feed her :
Draw from his vocation
The liquor trader.

WELCOME TO THE LECTURER,
Mr. W. H. BURLEIGH.

Advocate of countless good,
Welcomed by the brotherhood,
Glad we greet your presence here,
Friends of Temperance give you cheer ;
And let every vocal band,
Sound thy welcome thro' the land.

Fight we 'gainst a ruthless foe,
Loath to let his victim go ;
Maddened by the Demon's wiles,
Few are rescued from his toils.

Friends of virtue, hand in hand,
Drive the evil from our land.

Statesmen pander to his will ;
Venders rob, ensnare and kill—
Tell us, Watchman ! of the night ;
Speak to us of coming light. [bland,
When shall Temperance's sunlight
Chase the darkness from the land ?

Omen show of brighter day,
When the Foe shall cease to slay—

When the inebriate shall be free,
And the world have jubilee :
Jubilee from land to land,
Hailed by trump and vocal band...

Go, then, Bard, with graphic lay,
Paint the drunkard's dolorous way ;
Venders scathe, and statesmen ply,
Haste the day of victory !

Brother, speed with scourge in hand,
Lash the Demon from our land !

THE OX TO HIS MASTER.

A juvenile piece—inserted to please children and youth.

The ox addressed his master thus—
You make me work ; what can be worse
Than make me drag that heavy plough,
And tug so hard to pull it through ?
To whom his master said : 'Tis true,
You toil for me, and I for you.
We share the labor. Why complain,
If you but have your full of grain ?

FOR THE ALBUM OF E. CAMP.

Written for my Daughter's Album, at her request.

'Mid thousand thoughts of my dear daughter,
 One there is outweighs them all ;
 Does she love the Lord that bought her ?
 Does she heed her Saviour's call ?

What though Science high enroll her—
 What though Fashion deck her bright ;
 What though partial friends extol her,
 And to praise her take delight.

These afford me little pleasure,
 While she shuns the way of truth ;
 Give me joy—surpassing measure,
 Daughter, give to God thy youth !

Early, then, should death assail thee,
 Hope should keep my spirit whole—
 Hope that angel bands would hail thee,
 Welcome home thy ransomed soul.

AN ACROSTIC;

OR, JERUSAH WEBSTER* AND CHARITY INTERWOVEN.

"CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND."—1 Cor. xiii: 13.

Joined in one line by holy hand,
 Essential each, three graces stand—
 Resplendent o'er the precious three,
 Unfailing stands sweet Charity.
 She claims the temper of the dove,
 Hopes and believes—but *glows* with love,
 Aspiring to a crown above.

Without her all is vain. She long
 Endures—unenvious—kind. Her tongue
 Boasts not, nor is she puffed with pride;
 She well behaves—is self-denied :
 To anger slow, nor jealous. She
 E'er hateth sin—loves verity ;
 Remains to all eternity.

Possess this grace and Christ and heaven are thine,
 Christ is all love—is Charity divine.

* The Author's niece.
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The Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit.

Composed for the Album of Julia Boyd.

Undecked with silver, pearl or gold,
Nor shaped in Fashion's fickle fold ;
There is a dress of comely cast,
By woman worn in ages past,
And worn by *few* in later time,
But shall prevail in every clime.
Whose pattern came from the bleeding hand
Of One who dwells in a holier land :
It mantles not our mortal part,
'Tis the robe of a meek and quiet heart.
Julia !—this mantle pleases me,
I like to see it worn by thee.

A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

PROV. xxxi: 30.

Composed for the Album of Amanda Boyd.

On Fashion's giddy daughters fair,
The admiring world may gaze and stare ;
But they gaze at a rainbow's waning ray ;
At the blushing tints of the dying day—
At the summer flowret that fades away.

There is a gem of a fadeless hue
In woman's heart,—in the hearts of few,
And it flings abroad its cheering light,
To rescue from woe the sons of night ;
And it points to Heaven's mansion bright,
'Tis praised by the noble, the wise and the good,
By angels admired, in their blissful abode—
'Tis the "fear of the Lord," but abounds in few,
And may it, Amanda, *abound* in you.

EMBLEM OF HEAVEN.

Fit emblem of the hosts above,
The inmates of that family prove—
Who, true to Heaven's wise law of rest,
Keep well the day their Maker blest.

With toil unumbered—care unprest,
Each leaves at dawn his couch of rest,
To pour in privacy his prayer—
With hope to meet his Saviour there.

Now grouped around the altar bright
With using oft, how fair the sight—
Of parents, children, all, intent
On chapter read with wise com-ment.

And now, soft swells the thankful song,
Of mingled voices, old and young ;
Anon, unanimous in prayer,
Behold them, kneeling lowly there !

Now, stilly through each morning hour,
O'er sacred page their spirits pore ;
Or books devotional peruse,
And spurn the trash which worldlings use.

Thence early to the House of God,
They pass in meditative mood,
Nor fail in soberness to hear,
And praise, and pray with heart sincere.

Nor grudge the interval to pass,
With praying group or Bible class ;
Nor join the breaker of the day,
In lawless chat and vain display.

And down to Sabbath's latest hour,
They read, commune, and praise the more,
Fair emblem of the saints' employ,
In worlds of peaceful rest and joy.

COME TO THE CONCERT.

To be sung every Sabbath afternoon, immediately preceding the Monthly Concert. Tune—Ps. 23, Choralist.

Come forth to the concert—our concert of prayer,
A greater than human is pledged to be there,
A world-wide petition goes up to the King ;
Thy prayer with thy offering, O fail not to bring.

O'er peoples and kingdoms Messiah shall reign ;
The power and dominion the saints shall obtain,
Sweet peace shall descend from the regions above,
And earth shall be clad in the mantle of love.

The nations are waking and call for thy aid ;
Fulfill for their rescue the vow thou hast made,
And come to the concert and mingle thy prayer
With the voice of assemblies now gathering there.

The harvest is whitening, the reapers are few,
To pray for more laborers is binding on you ;
Come then to the concert, and plead for them there,
And look for earth's ransom in answer to prayer.

By the pangs of the Victim who groaned on the
tree,

By the love he declared for the world and for thee,
By the woes of the millions enthralled by the foe,
With the thousands in concert, O fail not to go.

The Saviour is waiting, the Spirit is nigh,
To pour out his blessing in showers from on high ;
In earth's renovation, O fail not to share,
But join with the faithful in concert of prayer.

So shalt thou unite in the final acclaim,
In the Anthem of Moses, the song of the Lamb,
The blood-ransomed heathen will fail to condemn,
And thou shalt sit down in the Kingdom with them.

The Redemption of the Soul is Precious.

There lives within this crumbling frame,
With God's own image graven,
A gem whose value none can name,
'Tis told alone in Heaven.

Though marred by man's malignant Foe,
As taught in sacred story ;
There is a power dispensed below,
T' revive its pristine glory.

Unthinking man—that gem, thy soul,
That best of God's creation,
Must be redeemed from sin's control—
It needs regeneration.

In purchase of that priceless gem,
Can ought by man be given ?
Provision for the soul's reclaim,
Can only come from Heaven.

PRAISE GOD FOR A REVIVAL.*

Daughters of Zion ! Sons of God !
 Rise with melodious songs and loud,
 Tell to the world how blest are they,
 Who share in a revival day.

Ye new-born souls, your voices raise,
 Join to proclaim a Saviour's praise ;
 Tell how he woke his saints to pray,
 And gave you this revival day.

Oh, it was cold and dark and drear,
 Till God the Comforter came near,
 Rent the thick cloud of gloom away,
 And gave this bright revival day.

What enmity was felt within—
 What sharp distress, the fruit of sin,
 Ere rebel hearts would stoop t' obey,
 And welcome this revival day.

* Written in 1820.

Ye lukewarm souls, your deadness mourn ;
Ye dying sinners, wake and turn,
And chant with us Jehovah's praise,
Who grants these blest revival days.

Oh, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in whom we joy and boast,
Take not the Heavenly shower away,
Nor shorten this revival day.

EXPOSTULATION.

Sinner! art thou halting still ?
Shall that wicked stubborn will,
Hold you in its mad control,
Ruin your immortal soul ?

Hark ! the Bride and Spirit call—
Drop your idols, leave them all :
Bow that heart, and now submit,
Falling at the Saviour's feet.

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

"BEFORE THE MOUNTAINS WERE SETTLED, BEFORE THE HILLS
WAS I BROUGHT FORTH"—Prov. viii: 25.

Before the lofty mountains
From chaos had their birth,
Or hills with gushing fountains,
Adorned the rising earth—
Ere morning, noon and even,
Their daily round begun,
There reigned in Holy Heaven,
Jehovah's equal Son.

Before entire creation
Of countless worlds stood forth,
Ere suns assumed their stations,
Or Time received his birth—
Before the unnumbered ages,
If ages e'er begun,
As told in sacred pages,
Lived God's beloved Son.

And when the Great Eternal,
His azure sheet unfurled,
And spread through space supernal,
The boundless starry world ;
'Twas then the vaulted heaven,
With swelling anthems rung,
“To Him all praise be given,”
The new-born angels sung.

Then spake the Almighty Father—
The Just, the Wise, the Good,
To Angel hosts that gather,
Before the throne of God :
Bow down, ye stars of heaven !
To my beloved Son—
To Him be homage given,
As to the Eternal One !

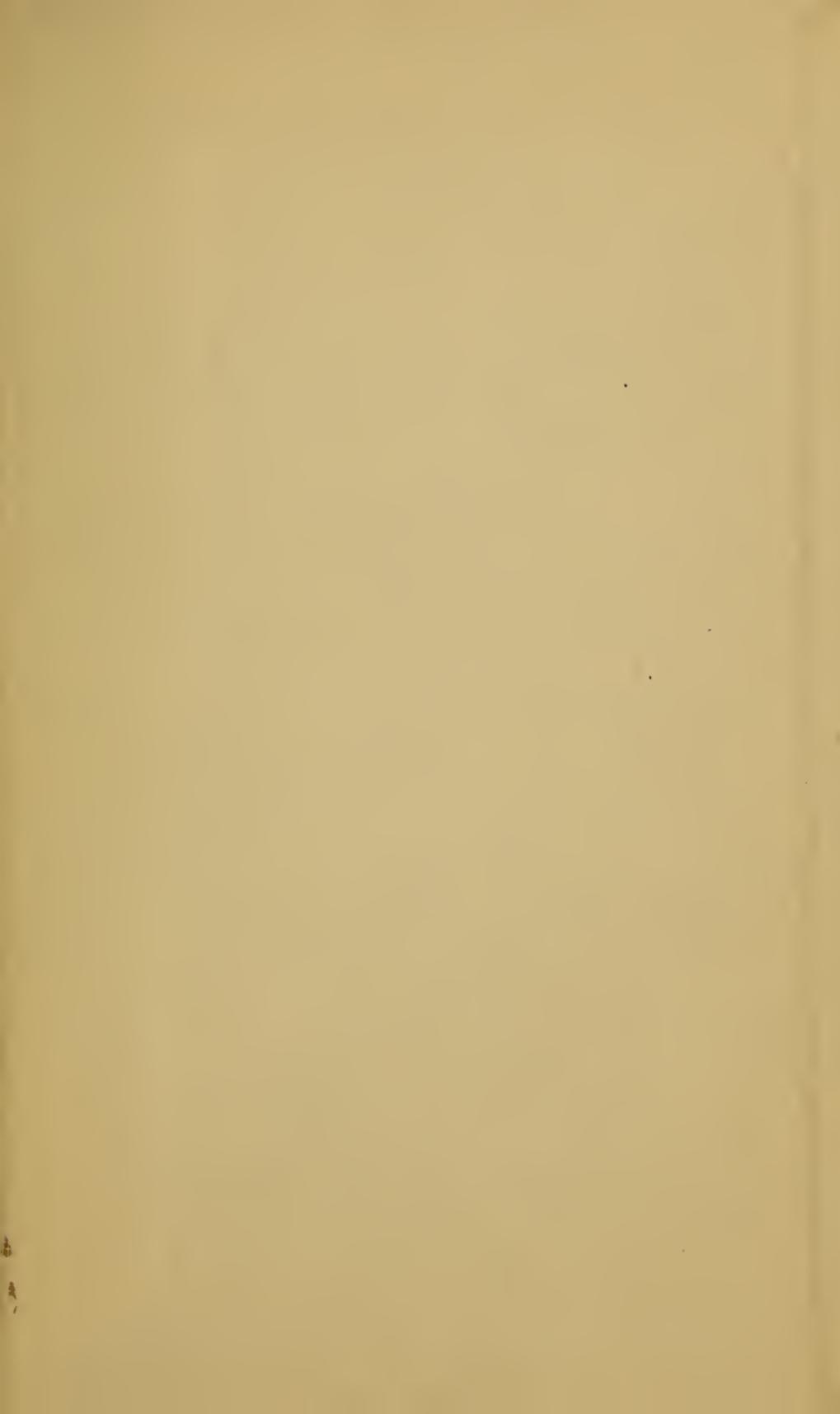
To Him in adoration,
Bow low, ye sons of earth !
Who erst in Judah’s nation,
Received mysterious birth.
Break forth, ye hoary mountains !
Ye hills and valleys sing—
And Ocean streams and fountains,
To Christ your tribute bring.

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